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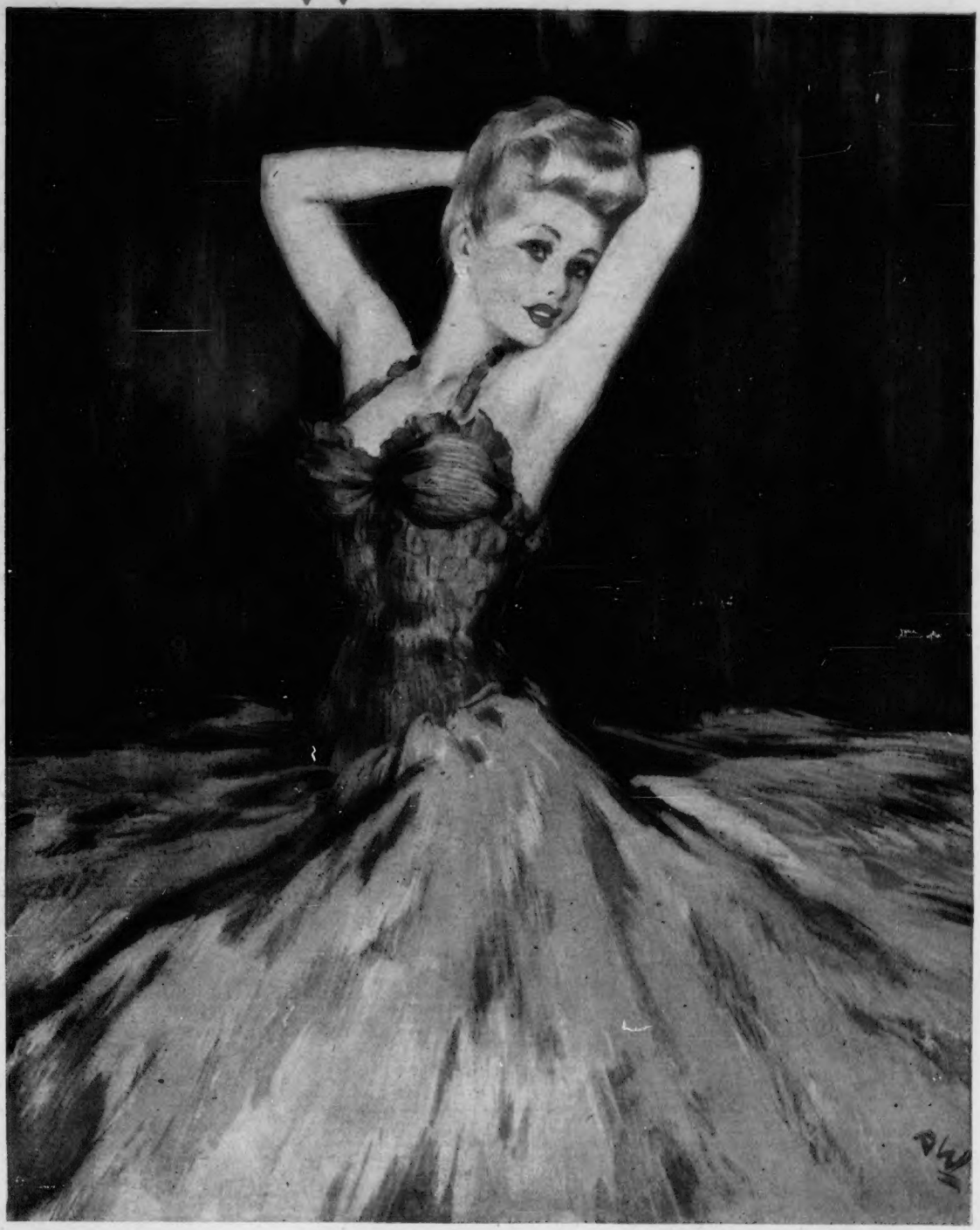

Beauty on Parade

A SERIES of PAINTINGS by
DAVID WRIGHT

Woman Without A Country

Did the Philadelphia Heiress Toss Aside Too Lightly the High Privilege of American Citizenship?

By Irving Johnson

SOME Americans put aside their citizenship as casually as they would slip off an old hat. Others merely accord it lip service when flags are flying and bands playing.

Sometimes—perhaps too often—it is those who haven't got it that treasure it the most.

In these cases, as two fashionable young women acknowledged recently, riches and social prestige and all the grandeur that goes with them are but pale substitutes for the rights and privileges of the humblest American.

One of these young women is Mrs. Clara Dwight Colford Doreau, heiress to a Philadelphia sugar fortune and wife of a French journalist. Now a French subject, but actually a woman without a country, she wants above all other things to be an American citizen again.

The other gave up a foreign title to be one. She is Miss Sylvia Szechenyi, the ex-Countess Sylvia Szechenyi of Hungary.

Mrs. Doreau says her citizenship was a casualty of the war and the Nazi occupation of France. She became a citizen of the Vichy government with reservations, she says, and has always since continued to regard herself as an American.

As this was written, she was in this country on a visitor's visa with her three-year-old son. She said she would press for restoration of her lost citizenship, even though a federal judge rejected her first application.

She wants it for the most part, she said, for her son.

"I remember," Mrs. Doreau said, "when freedom was a word you used. You had always lived in freedom and took it for granted. In the war I learned what freedom really was—when I didn't have it.

"I think that America today is the one country that offers freedom. I want my boy to live in freedom—and I'll make him know how important that is.

"When I say I'd rather raise my son in America than in Europe I'm not thinking of the material advantages to be found in this country; I'm thinking of how much better a man he will be."

She said she wants her son to have a democratic, the American, viewpoint and not be shaped by old world customs.

"In France, after the Americans had liberated Paris, I used to watch the American soldiers marching through. They were so healthy, so clean, so fresh. I wanted my son to have the same chance to grow up those boys had.

"It's when you think of those things and then realize that your son might not have the opportunity to benefit from them—it's then that your heart breaks."

Mrs. Doreau, for her own part, wants to prove she is a good American, to show her loyalty to her native land. Only too well, she said, does she know how important it is to be able to speak your own mind without fear of persecution.

Mrs. Doreau insists she did not give up her American citizenship lightly. It was a hard, difficult choice between the child she always wanted and her country.

Her own parents were divorced when she was a child and her mother took her to France. She was 14 when her mother died and she returned to America to her father.

She went to school in this country and made her debut in society here. Then her father remarried and she went to live with her married sister in Switzerland. There she met Bernard Doreau, a French publisher, writer and newspaperman. They were married in 1933.

The marriage was childless for eight years and then, in 1941, Mrs. Doreau knew she was going to have the baby she had wanted for so long.

But the Germans were in Paris then and Mrs. Doreau was told that she must accept French citizenship. The alternative was a concentration camp or an escape to America through Portugal. Both, she was told, might be fatal to her child (which died, ironically, two days after its birth).

Illustrated by CHRISTOPHER STORM

"I Wanted My Son to Have the Same Chance to Grow Up Those Boys Had—So Healthy, So Clean, So Fresh," Were Mrs. Doreau's Reactions When She Saw the Liberating Americans March Through Paris.

She said the Vichy government never notified this country of her change in citizenship and not until she told a United States consular official in Paris did the State Department hear of it. She was shocked, she said, when the State Department held she had lost her citizenship.

In Philadelphia, Federal Judge James P. McGranery refused even to hear her testimony, though he did say he might reconsider if her lawyer could convince him he should.

"I can understand a person of weak mind shedding his American citizenship," ruled the judge, "but God knows I hate to think that people of intelligence, people of standing and people who know better would deny their country just to make it a little easier for themselves.

"The high privilege of American citizenship comes only once in a lifetime. It is a privilege of tremendous importance, morally and intellectually, and the whole world ought to know that American citizenship is a very dear thing and is not to be treated lightly.

"It is not something to be shed lightly because someone tells you it may have some effect on your being in a concentration camp."

While the judge was considering the case of Mrs. Doreau, another federal jurist, in Providence, R. I., was conferring American citizenship on Countess Szechenyi and 77 others.

Miss Szechenyi (she prefers to forget the title) is the daughter of Gladys M. Vanderbilt and the late Count Laszlo Szechenyi, onetime Hungarian Minister to the United States.

"I am happy to become an American citizen," she said after the ceremony. "I have no regrets whatsoever about renouncing my Hungarian title. It is sufficient that I have become a citizen of my mother's country.

"I just decided I would rather be an American."

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BRANDED AS 'COMMON SCOLDS'

Too Much Yakety-Yak, Agreed the Judge, Who Resorted to Ancient Law

By Phillip Drew

FOR a long time, as three animated young women, sisters, have walked homeward along the streets of a Pittsburgh suburb after their work in a glass factory, or have strolled around their neighborhood, eyes have followed them. Townspeople have shaken their heads.

Helen, Betty and Josephine Znosco, the sisters, were always talking, and West Natrona, the suburb, never before had heard such talk.

Fifty complaints against them were made to the police and 32 informations were filed. Helen and Betty and Josephine talked on.

At last, this winter, they are quiet.

Under a law that came into being away back when general customs were forming in England, and so became a general, or common, law, they've been convicted as common scolds. Modern science was the prosecution's most dramatic means of proving the case against them. Their recorded voices, on a phonograph disc, clinched their guilt.

After all the other complaints had come to nothing, their next-door neighbors made one. The sisters had talked to them so meanly, they said, that they felt justified in making the accusation, which was, in substance: "The worst talk I ever heard."

In the courtroom, Josephine, 23; Betty, 27, and Helen, 35, bowed their heads as the prosecution prepared to play a record of their voices.

There had been trouble between the sisters and their neighbors, whose son, Francis Pastor, Jr., had returned from war service. An argument had arisen over shrubbery trampled at the line between their properties.

Francis, unknown to the sisters, had made a recording of the sisters' scolding. In Common Pleas court room a transcription was played. There were recordings on two sides of the disc. When the first side had been played, Judge G. Malcolm McDonald interrupted. The language was so abusive and the epithets so unprintable that he decided the official record could need no more.

"Shut it off!" he cried. "We've heard enough!"

The sisters began to weep. Helen and Josephine said the recorded voices weren't theirs. Betty said she recognized hers only in the milder parts. They didn't count on their own father.

"Sure I know their voices," he said when he took the witness stand. "They are my daughters'."

The young women's voices were not, however, the only ones against them. The trial brought into court 30 townspeople to bear witness against them. Assistant District Attorney James Philpotts had more evidence than he really needed.

Helen, alone, spoke up for herself: "I'm a law-abiding girl. I don't want to argue or fight with anyone. Up until Francis Pastor came back from the Army, our family and the Pastors were good friends. He is responsible for it all."

A jury of seven women and five men convicted them as common scolds, and Judge McDonald sentenced Helen and Betty to an industrial home for 12 months to two years and Josephine to three months in jail.

When the sisters' attorney pleaded that they merely be placed on probation, the judge said:

"That would only mean a recurrence. For the safety of the neighborhood, they are sentenced."

To the scolders, it may have seemed a long sentence, but it was less severe than the one customary a couple hundred years ago.

A public ducking in a pond was then the sentence.

"If convicted," says Sir William Blackstone in his "Commentaries," which still are revered in law offices both here and in England, "she (a common scold) shall be plunged into the water for punishment."

It was the custom to place a scold (always a woman, since the law never applied to men) in a strange contraption. This was called a trebucket and consisted of a beam, at one end of which was attached a seat or bucket. The beam was swung out over water, and the bucket, with occupant, was thoroughly ducked.

For scolding which had been merely on the weak and whining side, they dipped the scolder once; for really sizzling talk, they submerged the scolder three times.

In the last Pennsylvania sentence calling for ducking, Nancy Jones, the scold, was ordered up for a triple submersion in Philadelphia in 1828. The State Supreme Court, however, voided the sentence, holding that it was contrary to the State Constitution.

In recent years, in Allegheny County, where the Znosco sisters were convicted, only six women have been proved scolds. Four went to jail; two were fined.

When a man there was similarly accused four years ago, he fared better. He was John F. Hamilton, 45, of Pittsburgh, and it was alleged that his scolding included an insulting remark made to his neighbor, Mrs. L. J. Sager, during a spirited discussion concerning a dog. He denied the charge, and Judge McDonald held that the law, as in previous cases, applied only to women.

The judge didn't approve this discrimination and recommended enactment of a state scolding law that would apply to men.

"Our own experience has been that men can be just as ornery as women," he said. "However, when one stops to consider some of the shackles placed upon women when the common law was gradually growing up, it is not surprising that under the law the offense of being a common scold was limited to women.

"At that time a woman was in many respects the servant or slave of her husband and not considered much more than a chattel."

The judge felt, nevertheless, that no one could cite the case of the three Znosco sisters as an instance of injustice. They weren't merely whiny. The evidence showed they were Shakespeare's type: "The irksome, brawling scold."

Judge McDonald's friends say he dealt with them fairly, as he always did with others. The sisters, as they faced him in court, had no inkling that for three years he had not been well. Two weeks after they were sentenced, he killed himself with monoxide gas from his car in his closed garage.

One of his friends recalled that a few days before he had said:

"There seems to be nothing but worry anywhere."

Helen, Josephine and Betty Znosco Here Shown Listening, for a Change, to Their Attorney.

His Famous Father Left Him Two Legacies—Money and Woman Trouble.

Maurice Heckscher's UNHAPPY HERITAGE

By Ray Helgesen

WHEN the late great August Heckscher died a few years ago at the age of 92 he left millions, a widow and a son by his first wife.

Maurice Heckscher's inheritance did not include his father's uncanny ability to make money, nor the elder Heckscher's love of music. But in addition to some of the millions the son's inheritance did include one thing: his father's penchant for having trouble with women.

In the father's case, it was one woman. In the son's, it is three.

Back in the late '20s and early '30s the elder Heckscher had a number of court skirmishes with handsome Frieda Hempel, whose voice, trained in Germany, where she was born, had thrilled Metropolitan Opera lovers.

During these hectic years, and through a half dozen courts, Miss Hempel asserted her elderly admirer had signed a life contract with her.

Miss Hempel said that at the elder Heckscher's pleading she had agreed to resign from the Metropolitan Opera Co. and sing for him alone. In return he agreed, she said, to pay her $48,000 a year. For life. She wanted her money.

Echoes of these suits were still reverberating through music circles when it became clear that the son was due for troubles of his own.

While his father was still living, back in the '20s, Maurice Heckscher had married Louise Vanderhoef, a New York society girl. Within a few months they had separated and she had moved to Paris. After five years she had obtained a Paris divorce.

Not long afterward, in 1927, the younger Heckscher married again. This time it was Luella Gear, famous actress and ex-wife of Byron Chandler, known then along Broadway as the "Millionaire Kid."

That marriage also failed, and in 1933 she went to Reno for a divorce.

Maurice tried it again, in January, 1934, this time with a British actress. She was Dorothy Bennett, beautiful daughter of an English shipping tycoon. But by 1936 she decided she had enough and also went to Reno.

It took almost eight years for Maurice Heckscher to get lonesome this time. And then what happened? Looking around for a mate, he accidentally ran into Dorothy again and, before anyone knew it they rewed.

Dorothy recently filed suit in New York City, asking for a separation and $125 weekly alimony, charging cruel and inhuman treatment and non-support.

On their wedding night (their second wedding night, that is), Maurice preferred the bottle to her company, she complains. In fact, she charges, when she timidly pleaded that he leave the bar of the Gibson Island Club, a fashionable and ultra-exclusive Chesapeake Bay establishment where they had gone for their honeymoon, he became "infuriated, insulting and abusive."

Maurice, now 63, thinks she is being unfair about it all. He denies all her charges, and vehemently and specifically denies he ever conducted himself in any manner other than that of a gentleman, adding:

"My wife knew me quite well before she married me in 1944 at the age of 60 (his age then; Dorothy is 47). In fact, this is our second marriage to each other. I married her the first time in January, 1934, and we were subsequently divorced in Reno in March, 1936. Thereafter she married another man."

It was up to the court to decide who is right or if one was more right than the other. But there seems small hope of another reconciliation, according to their friends.

All of which naturally recalls the elder Heckscher's unhappy bargain with Miss Hempel.

It's a strange story because it all began with an innocuous little note from Miss Hempel sent from Germany to a man she had never known in America.

That was in 1924, and the man in question was August Heckscher. Merely on a whim, she said later, she dropped him a pretty little note praising him for his love of music and his famed kind-heartedness.

Then one day Frieda Hempel appeared in New York, on contract with the Metropolitan Opera House. That's when the elder Heckscher remembered the note she had written him months earlier.

There is no indication that at the time Miss Hempel wrote her "pretty little note" she knew she eventually was to sing in New York or ever meet the great patron of music.

It didn't take these two music lovers long to get acquainted. However, the first the public knew of their attachment was in 1926 when the singer left for Paris, supposedly to divorce her husband, William B. Kahn, of Chicago. It was then reported she already was engaged to her millionaire patron. Neither denied it. Gossip said he had given her jewels valued at $1,000,000.

Miss Hempel did not divorce her husband in Paris, however, but when she returned from abroad she did not resume her grand opera career.

In 1927 she brought suit for $1,000,000 against the New Yorker. She charged breach of contract.

It was one of the strangest breaches of contract on record, according to her suit.

Heckscher, she charged, had made an oral agreement with her. If she would quit her opera and concert career and sing only for him, he would pay her $48,000 a year for life.

She agreed, she tearfully informed the court. But Heckscher, she said, tired of the alleged contract at the end of three months and discontinued paying her.

Heckscher immediately denied there had been any such agreement. However, the suit never came to trial, and it wasn't until nine years later that another suit revealed the millionaire had effected a compromise and had signed another contract to pay her $15,000 a year for life.

The millionaire, who in the meantime had married a friend of his deceased wife, fought this second suit, declaring Miss Hempel had voided the contract because "she has continued to molest me, communicate with me and interfere with my peace and quiet and happiness."

The court, however, decided he had signed a valid contract and he was forced to set up a trust fund for the singer.

Dorothy Wept When Maurice Irritably Refused to Join Her on Their Wedding Night.

★ ★ Illustrated by ELMOR BROWN ★ ★

Amazed by the Plucky Little Girl, the Whole Town Chipped In to Buy Her a New Right Arm

Tony DIDN'T CRY

By Irmis Johnson

ISAIAH DETWEILER, slipped into his coat and with a sympathetic goodbye to his wife, Ruby, started for his press operator's job. His face was serious and his heart was heavy.

As she watched him disappear down the familiar Willoughby (Ohio) street tears welled up in the tired mother's eyes. She had prayed most of the night, but she felt a surge of the hopeless fear that had hold of her two days before when she walked somewhat blindly from the presence of a specialist at the Memorial Hospital Clinic in New York.

Then she had held tightly to the hand of 10-year-old Phyllis with a mother's fierce urge to protect her child from harm. Now, in a few minutes, she would have to call the little girl and prepare her mind for a trip to the hospital and an operation that would maim her for life.

"Tony, come out on the front porch a minute," Mrs. Detweiler called, using the child's pet name. Then turning to her grown son Charles and her 17-year-old daughter Jane she whispered, "I just can't bear to look at her face when she knows the truth."

Phyllis halted her dancing steps inside the screen door and, with her bandaged right hand resting on it, looked out and said:

"You look like a family reunion, except everyone's so gloomy."

A few seconds later the child sat between Charles and her mother and heard that she was going to lose her right arm, the one she used most for eating, for dressing her dolls, for playing with her kittens, and especially for the drawing and painting she'd been learning to do so well.

Mrs. Detweiler didn't try to hide her tears as she said, "You can't ever be well again, the doctors say, unless your arm is amputated at the elbow."

The little girl didn't cry.

She was fearless as she kissed her stricken mother's cheek and said in a calm, matter-of-fact voice:

"Don't worry. If it will make me well, then we must have it done, Mom."

Plans started at that moment for the operation no one dreamed would be necessary a few short weeks before, when Phyllis came home from play with a small mouse-colored bruise on her wrist. She laughed and said it didn't hurt. A week later the bruise had become a tiny lump.

"It may be a cyst, or a small, benign tumor," the family doctor explained, "but I think it had better be removed."

Tony Detweiler's chief interest in that operation was her pride in the eight stitches the doctor took in her wrist.

The physician, however, had far greater concern. He sent samples of the tissue he had removed to the Huron Road Hospital in Cleveland, where slides and X-ray photographs were made.

Next day, Phyllis and her mother went to Cleveland to see the specialist who had studied those slides and photographs.

He advised Mrs. Detweiler to take her little girl to New York for a special examination by an expert at Memorial Hospital.

The New York surgeon couldn't soften the blow of his message.

"It's malignant (cancer). Your daughter must have an immediate operation to prevent the disease from spreading," he said.

Numb with shock Mrs. Detweiler took her baby—for that's how she felt about Phyllis—home.

The little girl's pluck, which had made the ordeal much easier for her family, carried her through at the hospital so well that she was home in six days.

Her homecoming was just like a party.

All of the children in the neighborhood had been busy during those six days doing odd jobs to get money for their "Help Phyllis" campaign, a plan started by Mrs. Norma O. Parmele, a neighbor, and her two children to raise a fund for an artificial arm.

Boys cut lawns with more energy than they had ever shown before. Girls scoured the town for chances to be baby sitters.

Soft drink stands lined the sidewalks and sympathetic grown-ups of Willoughby probably bought more pop and lemonade during that momentous week than they will purchase in the next month.

In a few days the children had raised $151 and in spite of the original idea of an artificial arm they wanted to spend some of it for a very special doll for Phyllis, which Mrs. Parmele dressed in a white satin bridal gown.

With plenty of adult cooperation the fund soon exceeded $1,000 and plans are in progress for two new arms. The first, a "cosmetic" arm that will look almost like the one Phyllis lost is expected to be ready for Christmas. The second, a mechanical arm that will help the little girl in her work and play, will come later.

In the meantime Phyllis is finding that her left hand can learn to do all of the things her right did before, though, of course, Willoughby's present will be welcome.

The little girl spends many hours sketching and is taking her art lessons so seriously that some day she may become a professional artist.

There is happiness in Tony Detweiler's clear gray eyes and she probably often wonders why Mom cried so much about her "handicap" and why Dad made so many sighing sounds whenever he was around the house.

The tears and sighs are gone now, replaced by hope and faith that have been bolstered by a child's great courage and the affectionate generosity of a whole Ohio town.

Tony Is Training Her Left Hand to Do What She Enjoys Most—Drawing and Playing With Her Kittens.

"Cast Off Those Ropes," She Shouted. The Greenland Headed Into the River and Darted Directly Into the Path of the Drifting Showboat.

Courageous Captain Mary

By Warren Hall

THE matinee performance on the showboat was near its finale when the clumsy craft broke from its moorings on a dock in a small Ohio River town and started to drift out into the stream.

It was a dangerous situation. There was no steam in the boat's boilers and no way to control its course. If it struck a mud-bar it might capsize.

While men along the shore stared stupidly at the rapidly departing vessel, a woman's voice rose shrilly. Captain Mary Greene, whose packet, the Greenland, was tied to a neighboring pier, had taken in the situation at a glance and, as usual, was quick to comprehend.

"Cast off the ropes," she shouted.

As her crew jumped to obey the command, the bell rang in the engine room and the big paddle-wheel began to turn. The Greenland headed out into the river and darted directly into the path of the drifting showboat.

There was a bump, and the audience, realizing for the first time that something was amiss, began to pile on deck. First fearfully and then with shouted appreciation, the crowds along the rail watched as the skilful skipper nudged her packet against the unwieldy hulk, turned it around and pushed it to safety.

The job required nerve and verve as well as coordination but these are qualities that Captain Greene has been demonstrating for more than half a century. She's the only woman who holds a pilot's and master's license on the Mississippi River and its tributaries. Although she is 79 years old, her license was renewed the other day for another five years.

She is still senior officer on the big stern-wheeler Gordon C. Greene, although her son, Tom Greene, handles most of the chores and details. In addition, she is chairman of the board of Greene Lines, Inc., a profitable passenger and freight line which her husband founded.

Boats are part of her earliest recollections. Her father's general store in Hills, O., on the banks of the Muskingum, was a rendezvous for rivermen and, as a little girl, she sat on the counter and kicked her heels while they swapped tall tales.

At the store she met Gordon Greene, who was still in his teens but had been operating flatboats with his father for several years. He wouldn't ask her to marry him until he had become a captain and saved enough to buy a small steamboat.

That was in 1890. They lived aboard the boat and Mary soon qualified for her pilot's and master's papers. She did it for a lark, but when her husband bought a second boat in 1897 she took command.

Maternity was the only thing that could keep Captain Mary away from the pilothouse, and it didn't always succeed. Her son Tom was born while his mother's boat was held fast in an ice gorge. There were two others — Henry, who died when he was nine, and Chris, who died in 1945.

Late one night, while she was pacing the deck of the H. K. Bedford, the boat's swell exploded 40 quarts of nitroglycerin in a yawl tied to the shore. The cabin windows were smashed, the bulkheads caved in and the passengers were terrified, but Captain Mary, shouting above the hubbub, kept the boat on its course.

After the founder of the line died in 1927, the depression hit and the boys proposed selling out. Captain Mary said it was a time to buy, not to sell, and put in a successful bid for the U. S. Mail Line, a rival outfit. The merger brought new prosperity to the Greenes.

The company's boats carry 10,000 passengers a year and about an equal number of tons of freight. The Gordon C. Greene, which Captain Mary named in memory of her husband, is the only overnight passenger steamboat on the inland waterways system fathered by the Mississippi.

Looking back over her long wake of years, Captain Mary is sure that she wouldn't have wanted to spend them any other way. She has a farm near Cincinnati to which she retires occasionally for "a bit of land walking" after a river trip but she never really feels at home unless the water is swishing underneath and the banks are rolling past on either side.

Illustrated by HARDIE GRAMATKY

MODERN

The Young Prince Fell in Love with a Photograph But His Story Book Romance Won't Be Complete Until He Finds the Buried Treasure of Alexander The Great.

By William Engle

AN ageless daydream of youth is coming true this winter in the enchanting experiences of 16-year-old Katherine Scott. She used to live obscurely, a gingham sprite in a drab London suburb. Now she is a Princess, with a vast, hidden treasure outside the palace gates.

If somebody, a few months ago, had stopped by the weatherbeaten cottage of her parents in Marville Road, Fulham, London, and had asked the spirited, brown-eyed girl what she thought of the Arabian Nights legend, she probably would have laughed and replied:

"King Arthur's Knights, I know. But the Arabians—"

Today she has a real-life part in a modern Arabian Nights story and her future promises to be as amazing as her recent past. It transpires that the welfare of her Prince's country and of his English bride depends somewhat upon recovery of the treasure.

If, even by scientific means of search, it is not retrieved, it will remain where Alexander The Great buried it 2,277 years ago.

If luck joins science on the side of the fortune hunters, part of it—priceless gold, diamonds and rubies—will be the bride's wedding gift.

The remainder will transform the face of the Prince's state, Bahawalpur, in India. Present irrigation systems will be immensely extended. The rose will bloom in Bahawalpur, where the wind now lifts and shifts the desert sand.

Princess Katherine is the daughter of work-worn Ernie Scott, a $24-a-week London railway clerk, and Mrs. Scott, who has been used to tidying up other people's houses.

The bridegroom is a 22-year-old Indian prince, Maj. Sahibzada Haroun al Raschid Ahmad Abbasi, eldest son and heir of the rich and modern-minded Nawab of Bahawalpur.

The Prince, reputedly a descendant of Haroun al Raschid, the Caliph of Bagdad, in the Arabian Nights stories, could indeed use the buried treasure to his Punjab state's advantage, but he doesn't have to worry over personal expenses.

Well bankrolled on his $400,000 yearly income.

Prince "Harry" of Bahawalpur with His Bride, Katherine Scott, Who Leaves a Drab English Cottage for a Princess' Life in a Fabulous Indian Palace.

ARABIAN NIGHTS

he has started, with Princess Katherine, on a leisurely honeymoon, London to Italy, and elsewhere, thence to India, and on to Bahawalpur, chief Mohammedan state in the Punjab.

There, more than 1,000,000 loyal subjects will call Ernie Scott's daughter their Princess, and after the Nawab passes, she will be their Nawabess.

Before she and the Prince left England, she told the inside story of love at first sight and the extraordinary obstacles overcome before the cold hearts of the lovers' parents thawed.

"Harry (her name for the Prince) never knew I existed until one day he saw my picture in a newspaper," she said. "It showed me telephoning to a girl friend. I was telling her I had gate-crashed an interview with Ray Milland and was going to have a film test."

THE next day, on the stationery of the Savoy Hotel, she received a letter from the Prince. He extended his congratulations and he also mentioned that he would like to call and present them in person, as an Indian Army major.

Katherine wasn't impressed. She was receiving many letters then, after publication of her photograph. She dropped him a note of thanks—he hadn't disclosed his title—and forgot him.

He, however, didn't forget. He countered with another letter, asking her to telephone him at the Savoy. Impulsively, thinking a Major in the Indian Army might be of some help in her hoped-for film career, she complied.

A long time afterward he told her: "I wanted to find out whether your voice was as lovely as your picture." He did find out. On the telephone, they talked mostly about her movie aspirations and he urged her to make an appointment with him.

She wouldn't say yes at the time; she wanted to consult her mother.

"I was pretty busy helping at home then," she explained afterward. "Often at night I would mind the baby while my mother went out for a break after working all day. I was excited at the thought of getting a film test but I was doubtful that anyone in my position could ever hope to get a good part. So I talked it over with mother."

Mrs. Scott didn't want her to meet a stranger under those circumstances. Yet she thought a Major in the Indian Army might help Katherine in pictures. Finally she agreed.

"I phoned Harry and we made a date outside the Walham Green Underground Station near my home," said Katherine. "Then I dressed in the best clothes I had. They weren't very elegant but they were the best mother could afford."

One moment, during the preparations, she would think she looked awful, she said, and the next moment the mirror would tell her she looked all right—young and slim and fresh-faced, flushed by even this mild adventure.

"So I went and it was love at first sight," she said. "Harry told me, 'You look even more wonderful than your picture,' and I said to him, right out, 'You're handsome and nice.'"

He didn't drop even a hint that he was a wealthy prince with 17,494 square miles in the domain of his father, the Nawab. He was a young Indian Major who had done a bit of fighting in Italy, he said, and an admirer of British courage and of the British people, including the daughter of Ernie Scott.

Katherine knew that love at first sight had flashed in the suburb of Fulham before. That didn't necessarily mean a clear way to an altar. It didn't for her.

"We saw each other often after that. We both said, this is love, that's all, it's love. I still kept thinking that perhaps there was a career for me in pictures. But Harry insisted that even though he was only a Major, he could take good care of me."

THEN one evening, in the cottage on Marville Road, Katherine, her lips thin and her breath short, said to her father and mother:

"I'm crazy about Harry and he's crazy about me. Mother, you know it's love. Honest, Father, it's love and it'll last."

The lines in Ernie Scott's face deepened.

"It's puppy love!" he said. "Puppy, puppy, puppy!"

Mrs. Scott was more lenient. She did not want that 16-year-old child, so gay and fair, to follow in her ways, working all her days with her hands for others.

"Young Harry is a decent sort of lad," she said.

The silence hung heavy, electric with the issue. There was no lightning stoke to clear it.

"He is an Indian," said Ernie. "Haroun al Raschid! He may have a harem!"

"You must wait a little, Katherine," said Mrs. Scott. "There are more fish in the sea than have ever been caught."

Katherine dabbed her eyes. "Harry isn't a fish," she said.

Harry was, in fact, a distressed and loveiorn young man having a much harder time with his father, Nawab in Bahawalpur, than Katherine was having with her parents in Marville Road.

This Is the Newspaper Photograph of Katherine Which Enchanted the Indian Potentate.

By airmail and cable and much more airmail, Harry told the Nawab of Katherine's charm and finally the Nawab went to London.

From the first, upon his arrival in England, he liked Katherine, and then Harry's secret was out. He at last disclosed that he was a Prince and sought Ernie Scott's daughter not only as his wife but as his Princess.

The Nawab said he did not censure Harry for courting Katherine. He was not even miffed when Ernie Scott held out, stoutly refusing to bless a union of his snug English house and a palace straight out of the Arabian Nights.

"This only confirms my belief," the Nawab said. "Katherine is the girl for my son. The fact that her father is not impressed by my wealth and position proves to me that the girl has blood in her veins which will make her a beloved and creditable Princess in Bahawalpur.

"The longer Mr. Scott withholds his approval of a marriage, the more I shall be convinced that my son is right in the choice of his bride."

Mrs. Scott was impressed. She hadn't met the Nawab but she admired his open-mindedness. More than ever she liked Harry because he had not tried to dazzle her daughter.

AT THAT point, the Scotts—father, mother and daughter—went down to the Nawab's mansion in Farnham to talk over the matter.

"I was terrified at the royal reception we got," Mrs. Scott said. "So was Katherine. But Ernie didn't let any of the grandeur affect him. He said he was going to tell 'this Indian potentate he couldn't expect his son to come girl-snatching here.'"

The Nawab put them at their ease. Both he and Harry made it clear no one had girl-snatching in mind.

All the time, the Nawab was as courteous as you please; he told Katherine he'd be proud to have her as a daughter-in-law; he asked Ernie Scott to spend a weekend at the mansion to talk things over.

At the end of the parley, everyone said, let the marriage go on, everyone excepting Ernie. When they pinned him down, said, "No. Not with my consent."

He spent the weekend with the Nawab, and they got along capitally, and in parting, he still said: "No."

After that, Mrs. Scott put her foot down. She was on the side of Harry and Katherine. Here was a chance for her daughter to be forever free from the work that, at 40, has bowed her shoulders. She prepared to stick it out against Ernie Scott.

"Once I had illusions," she said later. "Not any more. I've worked hard. I've cooked and cleaned for people and helped feed and clothe and keep four children respectably. I thought to myself, 'Let's let Katherine have a different kind of chance.'"

It was a hard thing for Ernie Scott to hear it put that way, as he did after his weekend with the Nawab. He has worked faithfully, too, and to no great advantage. It must have hurt him to see his wife sign Katherine's marriage permit, and he still holding back from the pen. Not until the evening before the wedding did he change, and then not as much as he might have.

That night he looked into the deep brown eyes of his daughter and he said:

"I admire you, Katherine, for your strength of character. I'm sure you will be happy."

"Oh, Father, then you're coming to the wedding?" cried Katherine. "You'll be there and give us your blessing?"

Ernie Scott turned away. "No," he said. "I can't take time off from work. Your mother will be there."

The marriage was a quiet one and Mr. Scott, true to his word, did not attend. Neither did the Nawab. The little party went to the Caxton Hall Register Office. There Prince Sahibzada Haroun al Raschid Ahmad Abbasi signed simply as H. Abbasi, an officer of the Bahawalpur State Army of the Indian Army, resident in England.

Katherine signed her full name, Katherine Patricia Scott. That was for the last time. From now on, Princess will be added to her name.

AFTER the marriage, there was a reception at the Savoy Hotel, and then crowds halted traffic as a limousine bore the Prince and Princess from the Savoy to the Nawab's estate in Farnham.

"I've lost all thought of a movie career," Katherine said before she and her bridegroom sailed for Italy. "I'm going to give my life to Harry and his subjects in Bahawalpur."

When they settle down there, and Katherine has a favorite camel of her own, the most engaging of all Bahawalpur's possibilities will have to come up. It is the hidden treasure.

Alexander the Great, say certain records, cached it there above the banks of the Indus River after he had sought to rule the world and had stopped short of it in India.

The Persian conquests were behind him, then, and the riches of the Persian kings, from Susa and the royal city of Persepolis, were his.

When his Macedonian troops finally stopped short in India, these records say, he buried gold and jewels worth somewhere between $65,000,000 and four times that sum in Bahawalpur.

Give the Prince and her good luck, and Princess Katherine thinks she may at length be writing back to Marville Road:

"Dear Mother:

"Under separate cover I am sending a bag of diamonds and some jumbo sized rubies——"

CHIQUITA BANANA SAYS:

Here's a golden-brown surprise—

BANANA SCALLOPS

Serve as a vegetable

How to make BANANA SCALLOPS

Melted fat or salad oil
1½ teaspoons salt
1 egg, slightly beaten, or
¼ cup evaporated milk
6 firm bananas
¾ cup of fine corn flake, bread or cracker crumbs or corn meal

USE ALL-YELLOW OR SLIGHTLY GREEN-TIPPED BANANAS

For deep-fat frying, have deep kettle ½ to ⅔ full of melted fat or salad oil.

For shallow frying, have 1 inch of melted fat or oil in frying pan.

Heat fat to 375°F., or until a 1-inch cube of bread will brown in about 40 seconds. Add salt to egg or undiluted evaporated milk.

Peel bananas and slice crosswise into pieces ¾ to 1 inch thick. Dip into egg or milk. Drain. Roll in crumbs or corn meal.

Deep-fat fry or *shallow fry* in the hot fat 1½ to 2 minutes, or until brown and tender. Drain well. Serve very hot. Six servings.

Important. Have fat at correct temperature before frying.

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

for Banana Scallops—choose all-yellow or green-tipped bananas

Best for eating when flecked with brown

Easy to Digest
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French-fried bananas—new style

Company Dinner
Tomato Juice • Hamburgers
Banana Scallops
Cauliflower • Lettuce Salad
Orange Sherbet
Cookies • Beverage

Norfleet Saw His Quarry at a Table and Drew His Gun. "Put 'Em Up," He Ordered. "I've Got You." He Handed the Gun to Ruth Who Covered the Swindler While Her Father Handcuffed Him.

Illustrated by RAFAEL DE SOTO

MANHUNTER FROM TEXAS

By Harry Gray

FRANK NORFLEET, wealthy Texas cattle rancher, with his daughter Ruth, lounged in the lobby of a Dallas hotel one night in 1919. He was a figure to be noticed his diminutive five feet topped with a wide sombrero.

He saw a wallet at his feet. The wallet contained $240 and an identification card proclaiming that J. P. Stetson was a member of the "United Brokers" and had a credit balance of $100,000. Norfleet easily located Stetson near by and returned the wallet.

This simple honest act of an honest man was the beginning of a true drama of fantastic fraud and vengeance that was to rival fiction.

Stetson was warmly grateful for the return of the wallet and offered Norfleet $100 in bills. "The money is not important, but my exchange card is especially valuable. I couldn't have replaced it in time to realize on a big deal."

Norfleet declined: "I don't need money. I own a cattle ranch in Hale Center, Texas."

Stetson entertained Norfleet and his daughter the following week. He talked about his vast brokerage operations by which he was making $25,000 to $50,000 weekly. He was suave and reflected business conservatism. He introduced Norfleet to his four business "associates." Then

"Tell you what, Norfleet. You're an honest man. I'm going to make a killing on the United Brokers exchange tomorrow. I'll put up a few thousand for you, too. It won't cost you a cent. I can't lose."

Two days later Stetson told Norfleet that the little gratuitous investment had won Norfleet $20,000. There was, however, a little detail. To collect from the exchange Norfleet would have to put up temporarily $20,000 to show that he could have paid, had he lost. This, Stetson explained, was because Norfleet was not a member of United Brokers.

Norfleet drew $20,000 from his Dallas bank. Stetson took him to an office impressively equipped with a cashier's window, two clattering telegraph instruments, and a staff.

The cashier told Norfleet the $20,000 was not enough to cover because his earnings had increased to $45,000. He would have to put up another $25,000 to collect. Norfleet dashed back to his home town and raised the $25,000. Stetson met him when he returned.

"I'm in a little trouble with the exchange because you are not a member. It will smooth things out if I do the collecting." Norfleet handed him the cash. The next 24 hours were bitter ones for Norfleet. He found the exchange office closed; Stetson and his men gone.

As he talked the swindle over with Ruth, his chagrin gave way to anger. "I'll land those crooks if it takes all my life," he stormed.

He arranged for his wife to run the ranch at Hale Center; and he and Ruth started the hunt. He had no definite clues but could remember the swindlers' faces. Ruth once had heard Stetson mention California.

Norfleet told news wire associations he was out to get the gang. Father and daughter headed for California in a car. After weeks of searching, they arrived in San Bernardino, Calif. Norfleet called on the chief of police, who was amazed

"How did you know we just caught two of them?", he asked

Two of Stetson's associates were in jail. Stetson had tried the same pocketbook swindle on a California rancher. But this rancher had read of Norfleet's loss in the news stories and trapped the pair. They were known as Cross-Eye and Shorty.

The jailed men squealed and Norfleet learned that Stetson really was Joseph Furey, who had an estate in Southern California and that he recently had gone to Florida.

Norfleet was appointed deputy sheriff by the governor of Texas, got extradition papers and took the two crooks back to Dallas. They were given long prison terms. Later Cross-Eye hanged himself in his cell.

Months later a tip came that the racket was being worked in Denver. Norfleet and Ruth drove there. Norfleet posing as "Mullican," a wealthy mine owner, attracted the attention of the "spotters."

The set up was the same except the operators were new.

For nearly a week the gang would not let Norfleet out of their sight while waiting for the "guarantee money" to come in answer to Norfleet's faked wire.

Norfleet feigned a toothache and was taken to a dentist. He whispered his plight to the dentist, who called the police from an inner office phone.

Thirty-four men were arrested and the phony exchange records seized. Twenty were sent to prison. From their confessions, two men known as Curly and Windy were located and sent to prison for eight years. That left one, the big shot, Furey.

Norfleet and Ruth set out for Florida. For a year they searched. Then, in Daytona, Norfleet found another pocketbook in a hotel lobby. The frameup this time was a race track gamble.

Norfleet played along, convinced that Furey with a new gang was at work again. He and Ruth were taken to a phony betting room. As he entered, he saw Furey dash out a side door. Returning to his hotel, Furey warned the others who their victim was.

From the sudden coldness confronting him, Norfleet realized that he was known. He saw two crooks coming determinedly for him. He drew his gun and covered them until he and Ruth got outside and away.

On a hunch, Norfleet again went to California. But Furey again had fled to Florida. Norfleet followed.

One day Norfleet and Ruth walked into a restaurant and there was Furey at a table. Out came Norfleet's gun.

"Put 'em up," he ordered. "I've got you." He handed the gun to Ruth who covered Furey while her father handcuffed him.

When the train left for Texas, Furey tried once more to flee. He leaped through the train window. Norfleet leaped after him and caught him on the station platform.

Furey got 20 years, but died before his term was finished.

Norfleet had spent $30,000 and three years in his manhunt. In addition to breaking up the pocketbook gangsters, his tips resulted in the arrest of 40 other criminals.

HOLLYWOOD *Heaven for Orphans*

Lonely Couples Are Setting a New Pace in Adopting Children, by Providing Fine Homes, Excellent Education and the Best Climate in the World

As Soon as Susan Peters and Her Husband, Richard Quine, Saw Little Timothy They Knew He Had to Be Theirs. (Photo by Avery, Columbia Pictures)

WHILE [illegible] the size of [illegible] is [illegible] the [illegible] Some [illegible] In a [illegible] as [illegible] on which they are recorded, the urge to bestow affection and tender care on homeless waifs is a genuine as a certified check. Hollywood has become a heaven for orphans.

A woman in a wheelchair attempting to devote herself to a husband, a home and a career might well be considered to have her hands full, but Susan Peters, who made a movie comeback after a crippling accident, still finds time to be a foster mother.

Susan was approaching stardom when she married actor Richard Quine in 1943. Two years later she and her husband went on a duck hunting expedition. She accidentally discharged a rifle and the bullet lodged in her spine. When it was removed she was paralyzed from the waist down.

In spite of her affliction Susan was determined to be a mother, so she and Dick adopted a three-year-old boy in 1946 and named him Timothy Richard Quine. Now they are looking for another baby, which Dick would like to be a girl, and she is working on adoption.

Dick and Susan's days are filled to the brim, but the Pat O'Brien's have enough for three children.

"After all we're normal folks," she said, "trying to live like other men and women just as soon as we can move out of an apartment and have the children's toys and trees. You see, we're getting our own happiness, too."

In Hollywood, as in the rest of the country, the demand for adoptable children far exceeds the supply. Homes which can provide the best of everything—including, according to some, the finest climate—are yearning in vain for foundlings to share those advantages. For every movie star who has succeeded in adopting one or more children, and there are a surprising number—at least half a dozen others are trying unsuccessfully to bring happiness to some small but aching heart.

THE couple who is doing most to alleviate this condition is Mrs. Smiley Burnette, wife of the singing cowboy comic and a former newspaperwoman. She is chairman of the California Adoption Survey, a committee of 135 community leaders now conducting a study, as she puts it "to ascertain why so few children are available for adoption when the demand is so great and institutions are crammed with foundlings."

Smiley, who entered movie pictures via the Dumas-Burnette-Autry route, and his wife, the former Miss Norma Nelson, editor of a newspaper column, moved into a ranch home in San Fernando Valley. It was too low for riding home they had dreamed of owning. But Dales observed that Smiley wondered about privacy after the movers had left.

"What's the matter, honey?" she asked.

"It doesn't look right, somehow," he said. "I guess there ought to be some toys lying around to be tripped over."

Not long after that Linda, who is 9 now, became a member of the family. Then came Stephen, 7 and Carleen 5.

The difficulty that Mrs. Burnette encountered in adopting the children inspired her to organize the committee. She has been instrumental in placing more than a hundred children in Hollywood and its environs, but she says she could easily have found inspiring homes for ten times that many.

William Bendix and his wife, Therese, had a 15-year-old daughter when they adopted Stephanie, now 3. The older girl, Lorraine, hadn't had an easy childhood. During the depression Bill was a grocery clerk. The family lived in a New Jersey district out that was so damp that fungus grew on the floor.

AFTER the grocery store folded, Bill worked as a singing waiter and an emcee in a night spot. Then came Federal Theatre projects, summer stock, Broadway walk-ons, finally a good part, from Hollywood.

"It's too late to make it up to Lorraine," Bill said at the time of the adoption, "but we can see that Stephanie has all the good things in life."

Besides the Bendixes, many of the film folk who have adopted children also have children of their own.

The Pat O'Briens adopted Mavourneen, now 13, and Pat Sean, now 11. Last year their own baby, Kathleen Brigid, arrived.

Joan Crawford worked, fought and schemed her way to the top the hard way, and admittedly never achieved complete happiness. Never, that is, until she adopted four children. Now she is one of Hollywood's most devoted parents.

She bristles when people gush over her nobility in adopting the children.

"They've twisted the situation all around," she said. "The children are doing noble things for me—not I for them.

"The youngsters have changed my life by bringing me a love I've never had. They've shown me joys I'd never known.

"I want to adopt four more—two boys and two girls. That will give me eight, and I think eight is a good sized family. Fact is, I've got my hands full now taking care of my four."

Christina, 8; Christopher, 4, and Cynthia and Cathy, both less than a year old, keep the Crawford menage in secluded Brentwood, a lively, noisy place she said.

Joan plans to enlarge her home early next year, adding four rooms to accommodate her contemplated family.

"When I'm at work, I have a nurse to care for the children," she said. "But that doesn't mean I'm not their mother. I spank them when they're naughty and pet them when they're good. I try to be the best mother I know how.

Joan sends Christina to public school. "I didn't want her to get any snobbish ideas."

For the same reason, Joan seldom allows the children to visit her on studio sets. "They might get false ideas about glamour," she said.

Joan is quick to point out that, actually, the children adopted her and made her a new life.

"They have opened up an entirely new world for me. They've taught me new games and sports. I learned to swim with them recently. I read the funnies every day now. I've learned again the fun of going to picnics. And I don't have time to worry the way I once did. I'm too busy with them."

Keeping pace with Joan in the adoption race are Bob Hope and his wife, the former Dolores Reade, one-time night club singer. After eight years of marriage they decided to adopt a daughter, Linda, now 4, and later a boy, Anthony, 3. Last year they adopted two more, Nora and Kelly, nearly a year old. All were obtained at the famed Evanston Cradle, a philanthropic maternity home.

Talent is blossoming among Hollywood's adopted children. At least two show promise of following in the footsteps of their illustrious parents. They are Richard Lyon, 12, adopted in London as an infant by Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels, and Ronald John Burns, also 12, son of George Burns and Gracie Allen.

YOUNG Lyon already has appeared in several pictures, most notably "Anna and the King of Siam." His mother says of him: "He's a ham at heart, a victim of environment, eager, industrious and ambitious. He's pretty good, too." The Lyons have a daughter of their own, Barbara, 15.

The Burns boy has made several good voice recordings and is being groomed for film work. The Burnses also have an adopted daughter, Sandra, 13. Both came from the Evanston Cradle.

The list of adopted children doesn't stop there. Jack Benny and Mary Livingston have an adopted girl, Joan, 13, just two years older than Mary Francis Griffin, the adopted daughter of Irene Dunne and Dr. Francis Griffin.

Other leading Hollywood foster parents are Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan, who also have a child of their own; Donna Reed and her husband, agent Tony Owen, and the Fred McMurrays.

As a result of one of Hollywood's strangest, and most interesting, adoptions, director John Huston and his wife, Evelyn Keyes, are studying Spanish so they can converse with their new son.

He is 11-year-old Pablo Albarran, a Mexican-Indian waif, who won the hearts of the film couple last year when Huston was directing "Treasure of the Sierra Madre" in Michoacan.

Pablo was employed as an errand boy for the company while it was on location. His eagerness and willingness to please, his alertness, his ready smile and nice looks caught Huston's eye.

The director investigated. He learned that Pablo sometimes lived with an older sister (his parents were dead). But mostly he hustled his own living, working wherever and whenever he could wangle a job, sleeping in backyards or under trees in the woods, existing, nothing more.

Here was a boy, thought Huston, with native intelligence, some education and a winning personality, who, in his original environment, would have little chance to amount to anything.

The Hustons learned that in the State of Michoacan a minor legally can be made a ward within two days. They did not hesitate to rush through adoption proceedings.

Now Pablo has the opportunities offered in an environment far above average—the type of life he never knew existed. He is attending fashionable Thatcher School in Ojai, California. During his vacations he works, as any other son would be proud to work, on his parents' ranchouse estate at Calabasas, in San Fernando Valley. For him a new and wonderful life has begun.

Stephanie Bendix Will Be Spared the Hardships of a Foundling. Her New Daddy Will See to That.

More Victims of the DEVIL'S CAPSULES

By Booton Herndon

QUIET, breathing came from the darkened bedroom. Two persons were sleeping peacefully, too peacefully, for one of them, unknowingly, was bleeding to death.

The breathing became slower, and slower, and finally stopped altogether. Thus Mrs. Helen Proctor met her death, not knowing, not caring, under the influence of sleeping pills. It was a coincidence that a tiny incision made by a small piece of glass on which she had stepped had opened an artery.

But it was no coincidence that the woman, lying there bleeding to death in the same room with her husband, did not awaken.

The dangerous pellets, taken to induce slumber, saw to that.

Dr. Amos O. Squire, medical examiner of Westchester County, New York, said that sometime after taking the sedative, Mrs. Proctor, who lived with her husband in the town of Rye, had apparently gotten up and gone to the kitchen. She stepped on a sliver of glass from a broken water tumbler, but didn't seem to realize it. Mrs. Proctor returned to bed to die, still under the influence of the drug.

Mark up another victim to the sleeping pill. In the city of New York alone in 1946, according to Dr. Israel Weinstein, former Commissioner of the Department of Health, 77 persons lost their lives in accidental deaths due to sleeping pills. Many others narrowly pulled through. One woman had an experience which will haunt her the rest of her life.

She was a cultured visitor to New York from California, in the city to seek rare books. After having a few drinks in her hotel room, she took several pills which she had received on prescription, in order to sleep.

As the combined action of the alcohol and the barbiturate began to work, a knock came on the door. She opened it. That's all she recalls.

She awoke in a hospital room, uninjured in any way, but very depressed. What had happened after she admitted the stranger? She will never know. The only clue was that a typewriter, radio and several other articles were missing.

Alcohol and barbiturates, the active ingredient in sleeping pills, do not mix, medical authorities say. Each heightens the effect of the other. A person not affected by the customary dose of sedatives might, on taking that amount after just a small quantity of alcohol, be dangerously affected by the combination.

Illustrated By LEE CONREY

The Grim Hand of Death Had the Next Move in the Innocent Game of Playing Doctor—When the Little Girl Fed Several Sleeping Pills to Her Brother.

A Boston couple, returning home after an all-night New Year's Eve party, were well under the weather from celebrating. The husband complained of a headache; the wife staggered into the bathroom for some aspirin; got sleeping pills instead.

He, too, was too drunk to notice the difference. He downed three or four of the pills, then, shortly thereafter, took another dose. His heart couldn't stand both alcohol and barbiturates. He slumped over dead.

Persons looking for cheap thrills have found that sleeping pills taken in combination with beer or whiskey cause a feeling of irresponsible exhilaration, followed by stupor. They call this highball a "Geronimo."

By authority of a new law, the city of New York recently placed rigid control over the prescription and sale of barbiturates. Representative Edith Nourse Rogers of Massachusetts has introduced a bill in Congress which would place these "devil's capsules" under national control.

Dr. G. B. Lal, noted science writer, says, "You've to consider the cupidity of some druggists who deliberately violate the purpose of the law, to get a high price, by selling the sleeping pills in hundreds. They are driving many a person mad, all over America. Most druggists in this country are honest and public-spirited, but there are also the thieving druggists darkening the reputation of their calling."

In Los Angeles, 14 persons died as a result of accidental self-dosage with sleeping pills during 1946. In Chicago, it was estimated that a majority of the 28 accidental deaths due to poisoning during 1946 were caused by barbiturates. In Boston 16 persons died as a result of overdoses of sleeping pills. Dr. William J. Brickley, medical examiner, lists one particularly pathetic case.

A young mother left a bottle of sleeping pills on a low shelf in the bathroom. Her four-year-old daughter found them, and started playing doctor. She gave several pills to her brother, one year younger than she.

The youngster devoured the pills. The mother came home to find her little girl in frantic tears, her little boy dead.

Aimee Semple McPherson, the famous California evangelist, was accustomed to taking barbiturates to quiet her nerves after the strain of a revival service. One night in Oakland she retired to her hotel room.

They found her later, dying. Sleeping pills were found scattered in her bed. No one knows exactly what happened, but those familiar with the effects of barbiturates surmised that she took her usual dose, then, forgetting it in the hypnotic state resulting from the drug, took more.

In New York, the health department files reveal that a physician, suffering from stomach cramps, took three capsules to enable him to sleep. The doctor had to be hospitalized as a result of his own self-dosage.

A professor at the University of Chicago was found unconscious in his bed. His wife called a rescue squad, but an hour and a half of desperate measures failed to save his life. He had been prescribed sleeping pills by his doctor, his wife said, and used them to combat insomnia.

A New York business man, worried over finances, was given ten pills on prescription of his doctor. He took one, but noted no immediate relief. He swallowed another, and another, and still another, until all ten were gone. He sank into a deep coma, but quick action saved his life.

Awaking, he was amazed to find himself in a hospital.

"They weren't marked poison," he protested, "and the doctor gave them to me. I thought it was all right."

Winter *and* Summer—*in One Day*

It Seems Unbelievable—but at Sun Valley There's Skiing on the Fourth of July and Outdoor Bathing in Mid-Winter.

THE TALL blonde in the ultra-brief one-piece suit stepped out of the open-air pool, brushed a drifting snowflake from her shoulder and pointed to a black speck twisting and turning at express speed down the white slope of the nearest mountain.

"That's Joe," she said. "I can tell by the way he makes his christies. He'll be in here with us almost before he gets his skis off."

Winter and summer get in each other's way in a single day at Sun Valley. Skiing and swimming in the same crystal atmosphere provide only one of many paradoxes in the fantastic fairyland which, a dozen years ago, was a desolate Idaho sheep ranch.

Almost anything can happen at Sun Valley, and practically everything does. Norma Shearer went there to obtain ski lessons for her children and remained to marry the ski instructor. Darryl Zanuck liked his ski teacher so well he made him a movie producer. Ernest Hemingway went there for a week end, stayed to write "For Whom the Bell Tolls," and is now there writing another novel.

There's skiing on the Fourth of July and outdoor swimming races on Christmas. Nature provides for the July ski runs but the Yuletide swimming requires a little cheating. The two big circular pools at Sun Valley contain water that has been heated to 90 degrees. Glass fences surround them, and the heat from the water, plus the rays of the bright winter sun, provide comfortable living-room temperature in the midst of fields of snow.

Sun Valley, now an incorporated village where you can get the latest fashion creation as easily as in Paris, sprang almost full-panoplied from the mind of W. Averell Harriman, currently Secretary of Commerce.

In 1935, when he was chairman of the board of the Union Pacific, Harriman was looking for an idea to build prestige for his railroad. On a trip through Idaho he inspected a beautiful sun-swept valley running east and west and protected on the north by high mountains.

"Not much good for anything," said his guide. "Plenty of sun, but the snow stays here from the first of winter to the middle of May. Even the sheep have a tough time."

Harriman squinted at the shining slopes, some steep, some gentle. Down on the valley floor he could visualize hotels, shops, swimming pools, skating rinks. He could see electrically-operated lifts carrying 300 persons an hour up the mountainsides and he could see them skiing down through the powdered snow, laughing, shouting, thrilled as only danger can thrill.

"I think," he said, "that the sheep will have to find another place to graze."

Union Pacific money magically transformed Harriman's vision into reality. Two large hotels were built, with cottages and chalets to take care of the overflow. Continuous steel cables with chairs attached were stretched up the sides of four mountains. The one on Old Baldy is more than two miles long and gives skiers a ferris-wheel sort of ride high above breath-taking vistas.

Today the resort can accommodate between 750 and 800 guests and it requires about one employe for each guest. The wealthy guest can pay $40 a day for a suite and sundeck at the main lodge, but a clerk or stenographer with a little money saved for a winter vacation can get by with $75 a week for room and meals with ski lessons for four hours a day thrown in.

The ski school this season is under the direction of the man whom Zanuck plucked out of Sun Valley to make into a movie producer. On a visit to the resort before the war, Zanuck tried to learn to ski but didn't progress very rapidly. Otto Lang, an internationally famous skier, was assigned to give him special lessons.

"If you're smart enough to teach me to stand up on those twisted pieces of wood," Zanuck said, "then you're smart enough to be a producer."

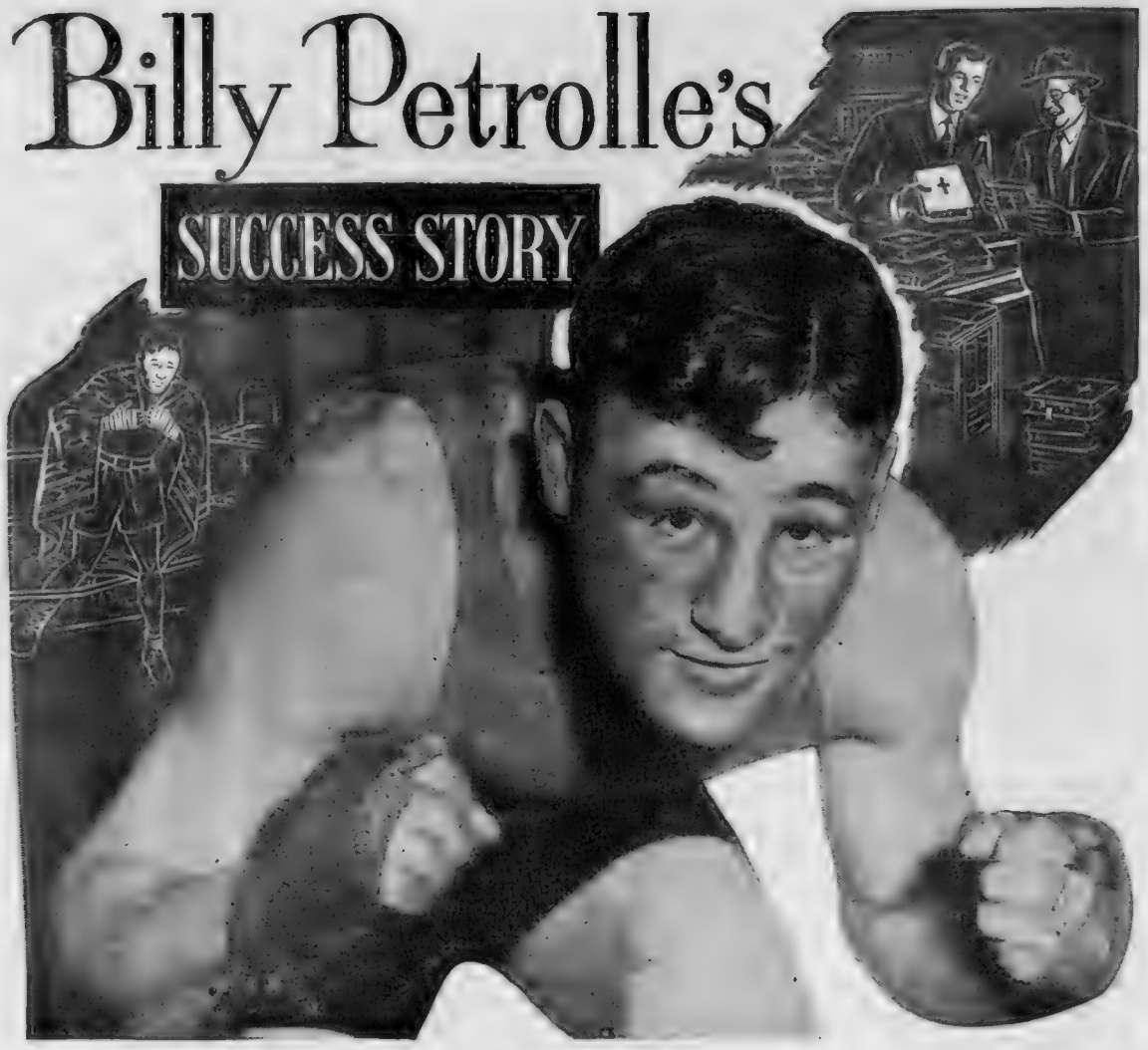
It turned out that Lang was smart enough to do both. This winter he's taking a leave of absence from 20th Century-Fox to go back to his first love. Zanuck is in his advanced class.

Lang was best man at the wedding of one of his fellow instructors with whom another distinguished guest had fallen in love. Norma Shearer, who inherited $4,000,000 when her husband, Irving Thalberg, died in 1936, took her two young children to Sun Valley in 1942 for ski lessons. They were so enthusiastic about their teacher that Norma decided to look him over.

She found that Martin Arrouge, ex-University of Nevada student and son of a California rancher, was just as attractive as the children said he was. He discovered that it was no trick at all to fall in love with a widow eight years his senior. They were married a few months later.

Among the first to discover that Sun Valley had about as much to offer during the hunting season as during the skiing season were Heming-way and his favorite shooting companion, Gary Cooper. They spend a large part of each fall bagging pheasant, duck and quail as well as elk, deer, mountain goats and even bobcats.

Billy Petrolle's SUCCESS STORY



By Dan Parker

The "Fargo Express" Has Made a Successful Transition From the Business of Dispensing Right Crosses in the Prize Ring to That of Selling Sacred Ones in His Religious Goods Shop.

A PUGILIST in a religious goods store may seem as incongruous as a bull in a china shop, but not when the "pug" happens to be the fine, upstanding citizen the people of Duluth, Minn., have found Billy Petrolle to be.

The old "Fargo Express," as Billy was known to boxing fans before his retirement over a dozen years ago, has made a successful transition from the business of dispensing right crosses in the prize ring to that of selling sacred ones in his holy goods shop in Duluth.

So many fighters wind up tipping their hats to fire hydrants and acknowledging imaginary applause from telegraph poles that when a graduate of the profession becomes a success in the business world, the case is noteworthy. What makes Billy Petrolle's case doubly so is the variety of fields in which he has done well.

First of all, he was a remarkably successful prize fighter even though he never won a title.

After that he became a prosperous manufacturer in Duluth, where his metal goods plant was kept humming day and night, filling war orders.

Through his industry, good character and healthy interest in civic matters, Billy came to be accepted as one of the city's important citizens.

All this time he was raising a fine family, as a model husband and father. His older daughter, Kathleen, now 19, is a student at Marquette University, where she is majoring in journalism. His other girl, Joann, 13, is in junior high, headed for college.

After the war, Billy, tired from four years of hard work in his factory and well supplied with the world's goods, decided the time had come for him to take it easy. He sold out his interest in his factory and bought a religious goods store, hoping that it would keep him just active enough so that he wouldn't start fretting. But business has been so good, Billy, the constant success, is finding that his friends just won't let him retire.

Industry, however, is something Billy never feared. In fact it has been the keynote of his success. When he was young in the prize ring, Jack Hurley, the sports writer from Fargo who managed him, decided that he was wasting his right hand knocking out opponents with it when it would be easier to do it with the left.

So Billy dropped the right cross in favor of the left hook. It took several years of patient practice for Petrolle to develop this new punch, but when his painstaking and exhausting efforts were finally rewarded, Billy's left hook became the most feared weapon in the ring in the late 1920s and early 1930s. Of his 255 fights he won more than half by knockouts and most of them were the left hand.

Hurley and Petrolle formed one of the most unusual combinations in ring history. Billy could handle any man his weight in the world with his fists, but skinny Jack Hurley would tongue-lash the fighter until he was ready to cry. The abuse Hurley fired at Petrolle between rounds during his boxing career would infuriate a saint. But it only served to make Billy mad at his opponent, which was the idea.

In the dressing room after the fight, the slim Irishman would feel as badly about the names he had called Billy in the heat of battle as a doting mother would over a heavy-handed slap she had administered to an unruly child. But the old Fargo Express had a brotherly affection for Jack and never had to be told that Hurley was just bawling him out for his own good.

Billy lost about 20 fights in his career but whether winning or losing, he never put up a bad one. The boys in the gallery were 100 per cent for the old Fargo Express because they knew that when he was in there, an honest fight was assured.

Some of the greatest battles in the new Madison Square Garden were those in which Petrolle was one of the participants. And it was Billy who helped to start Mike Jacobs on his career by agreeing to fight Barney Ross under his auspices in the Bronx Coliseum. Jacobs' success in this venture encouraged him to invade the New York boxing field as a rival to Madison Square Garden.

It wasn't long before Mike had won a complete victory in the war and forced the wealthy and powerful Garden Corporation to lease the Garden boxing concession to him.

Petrolle will always be associated in the minds of boxing fans with a dirty old Navajo blanket which he wore, wrapped around him, as he entered the ring. It came to be known as his trademark. Billy smiled when I recalled the blanket.

"I gave away all my fighting equipment soon after I quit the ring," he said. "But I held onto that old Indian blanket and it's packed away in the best cedar closet in my house."

Occasionally, Billy shows up at important fights, and renews acquaintance with old friends. At the Zale-Graziano bout in Chicago last summer which his former manager, Jack Hurley promoted, Billy was asked what he thought of modern fighters.

"The average young fellow today doesn't work hard enough in the gym," said Billy. "He neglects his roadwork, which is almost as important as his boxing sessions."

But Billy is more interested in prayer books than record books these days, and religious statues concern him more than boxing statutes. Peace, he will assure you with as much fervor as Father Divine, is wonderful, and he has found a kind of peace in selling religious objects that he never knew existed in the days when he was the rip-snorting Fargo Express.

ADVERTISEMENT

How Murine Gives A Quick Rest to Your Tired Eyes

• Your priceless eyes are your most loyal servants. No other part of your body works so steadily, yet the human eye seldom complains—unless something's wrong. Don't take chances—if your eyes give you trouble, for reasons you don't understand, see a qualified specialist at once. And if your eyes feel tired, used-up, because of over-work or the effects of dust, wind, sun or light glare, give them a quick rest with Murine. Murine contains seven ingredients, blended to bring instant, soothing relief. Murine cleanses as gently as a tear; just two drops in each eye and right away you feel a wonderful comforting sensation. . . . If your eyes feel rested, you usually feel better all over. You can use Murine as often as your eyes tell you to—it is gentle, yet effective for children and grown-ups alike. Economical, because so little goes so far. Get Murine from your druggist today in the familiar green and black package. Send 10c for refillable pocket-size sample bottle, to Dept. C-6, The Murine Company, Chicago 11, Illinois. Use Murine for your eyes. They deserve the best.

Winners of Diamond Ring Contest for Betty Crocker Soup Announced

1 PRIZE WINNER: Mrs. Wm. G. Clark, 920 Thompson Ave., Donora, Pa. 2nd prize winners: Mrs. Norlyn Amick, 2421 East Flora St., Stockton, Calif.; Mrs. Ella J. Moe, Box 44, Mayville, No. Dakota; Margaret E. Grimm, 860 East 27th St., Apt. B-8, Brooklyn 10, N. Y.

For complete list of 103 winners, with addresses, send stamped, self-addressed envelope to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 350, Minneapolis, Minn.

Such soothing relief from coughs, throat irritations, huskiness of colds or smoking with Vicks *Medicated* Cough Drops! . . . because they're *really medicated* with throat-soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub and other medications. Try 'em!

See the pattern for the little girls' two-piecer with tie and dickey on the pattern page.

BLEMISHES

EXTERNALLY CAUSED

Cuticura helps relieve externally caused pimples, simple rashes. For FREE Ointment sample, write Cuticura, Dept. A-198 Malden, Mass.

CUTICURA
SOAP and OINTMENT

GOING Formal?

By Sally Young

PARTIES, balls, soft lights, romantic music and lovely ladies—this is the time of year for them. To fit into the picture are this season's more luxurious, more feminine strapless or dropped shoulder evening fashions.

Blemishes, dry skin, "dowager's hump" and slouch naturally do not go with these fashions.

THE first step toward getting rid of them is to scrub. Get yourself one of the new long-handled, strong-bristled back brushes and take it tubbing with you. And I mean tubbing. Sit in warm water and soak.

If, on the other hand, you need to rid yourself of a dry and crepey look, apply an extra-rich skin cream or oil. Then massage, or pat, the area. To massage, use both hands. Place your fingertips in the center of the hairline at back of neck and glide down, using firm pressure as you swing out on the shoulder muscles. Complete the circle by gliding up on each side of the neck.

TO RELAX muscle tension in the neck, try this: Close your eyes, drop your head forward on your chest. Now, grasp your shoulders with your hands at the sides of your neck and squeeze hard. Repeat several times.

For heavy neck and shoulders, one beauty house recommends an electric patter to stimulate circulation. Said to be good for that back bulge, too. But, of course, nothing will do away with a slouch faster than correct posture.

Now for the bare-back make-up for that special evening. You may be able to apply pan-cake or a liquid make-up without smudging it. Too, there's a special neck make-up that blends with your facial make-up and is not supposed to smudge.

A bit of rouge on protruding bone structure makes it less noticeable.

Don't forget your favorite perfume. Then go forth, confidently displaying your bare shoulders as you do your bare face.

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

For BACKACHES that come from LUMBAGO

• Are you suffering from the muscular back pains that often come from lumbago?

• Try Johnson's BACK PLASTER—the one product made specifically for relieving the stabbing, nagging pains of backache. Tests show it helps nearly 9 out of every 10 sufferers.

• *What it is:* This adhesive plaster contains a mild medication that stirs up circulation. Like taking a heating pad to work with you.

• *How it helps you:* The plaster brings the healing and warming blood to the sore spot. Tense muscles relax and the pain eases. The warming pad guards against chilling, supports twitching muscles, cuts down those jabs of pain.

• Save days of agony. Keep plasters on hand. The next time you feel a backache starting—slap one on right away! Made by Johnson & Johnson—known for fine surgical dressings for 60 years. At all drug stores.

Johnson's BACK PLASTER
FEELS GOOD ON THE BACK

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True beauty comes from within. So there's nothing like the *aperient*—a refreshing, gently laxative KRUSCHEN to help correct that sallow, pepless, dragged-out look due to temporary intestinal sluggishness.

An unique blend of saline minerals which are also found in the natural waters of many famous medicinal springs, Kruschen offers these advantages:

EASY TO TAKE — Dissolves quickly in water. Makes a refreshing saline drink.

WORKS FAST—Usually within an hour. Does not spoil your day.

GENTLE ACTION — Its formula is balanced to act gently, without discomfort.

TIME-TESTED — Over 300,000,000 packages sold throughout the world.

Now in TWO FORMS New sparkling Effervescent Kruschen, and the original non-effervescent Kruschen Salts. At druggists everywhere, 35c to 85c. Simple directions on every package. Caution: Use only as directed.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

BEAUTY

- ☐ (1) Skin Care
- ☐ (2) Teen-Age Beauty Guide
- ☐ (3) Care of Precious Eyes
- ☐ (4) How to Trim Your Figure
- ☐ (5) A Guide to Shapely Legs
- ☐ (6) For Beautiful Hair
- ☐ (7) Hand Care
- ☐ (8) 7-Day Diet
- ☐ (9) Lose or Gain by Exercise
- ☐ (10) Banish Superfluous Hair
- ☐ (11) Face, Throat and Neck Massage
- ☐ (12) Hair Styles for You

Letters to the Editor

I HOPE your fine articles, "Murder in the Arena" and "The Manly Art of Wrecking Minds" will help awaken fight promoters, managers and matchmakers who are wrecking the lives of boxers today.

Boxing can be made a cleaner and better sport through the influence of newspapers and magazines such as yours. I hope you will print many similar articles.

C. C. Shaltis
Trenton, N. J.

• • •

Your articles on Alcoholics Anonymous are most helpful, particularly to a member of that group. I owe it to those articles for having joined the group. The American Weekly is my favorite section of the entire paper.

Mrs. L.——
Seattle, Wash.

• • •

I greatly enjoy your cover paintings by Willy Pogany and Modest Stein, and hope the "Heroines of Literature" series will continue for a long time. I am making a collection of the work of both these artists.

Charlotte Browning
Banning, Calif.

• • •

The series of "My Faith" articles in The American Weekly is an excellent one. In fact, we consider them so good we should like to use them in our study group. Would it be possible to obtain 12 copies?

Mrs. George Holman
Portland, Ore.

(Reader Holman has been sent 12 copies.—Ed.)

• • •

After reading your American Weekly each week end, I wanted to tell you that I get a great thrill out of Peter Levins' stories in "The American Weekly Album of Famous Mysteries."

Charles A. Getsey
Conneaut, Ohio

• • •

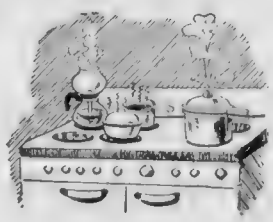
I am a constant reader and admirer of The American Weekly. I have found the various articles each week to be of significance.

I'd like to have a copy of your "Eat and Grow Thin Diet," since I am engaged in research work in the field of dietetics and am sure this material would be of importance to me.

Mrs. P. E. Clark
Atlanta University
Atlanta, Ga.

(Diet sent to Mrs. Clark.—Ed.)

In writing to The Editor, address him care of The American Weekly, 63 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.



A GOOD WAY TO PREPARE

Menus

Reading the Household Almanac page which appears in every issue of The American Weekly is a habit for millions of women. Some weeks the Household Almanac page includes special diets. Then there are complete menus made up of recipes for foods "in season." Desserts, main courses, fish, meat and pastry all get their just share of discussion. Make the Household Almanac page your regular reading habit and then see how easy it is to prepare menus.

CASE OF

By Peter Levins

THE man and the woman were lying on a sandy strip of beach bordering the White River, three miles north of Indianapolis.

Robert Bowman, hunting for his father's cows that morning of Sept. 12, 1868, noticed nothing unusual about the couple. A thin column of smoke was rising above the woman, but he assumed she was smoking a pipe, a practice not uncommon among the women of some circles in that era.

The man's hands were clasped behind his head, the woman reclined on her right side, her back toward the passing farmboy who kept after his cows and minded his own business.

This spot, known as Cold Spring, with its patches of soft grass and white sand, its clumps of alders and willows, had long been a haunt for couples who craved seclusion.

Robert Bowman Noticed the Couple Lying On a Sandy Strip of Beach Along the River. The Thin Column of Smoke Issuing From the Woman, He Assumed, Came From a Pipe She Was Smoking.

Several hours later the farmboy returned to the same section of beach for a swim, and saw the man still on his back, his hands behind his head. The woman apparently hadn't moved either, and that slender column of smoke still swirled upward from where she lay.

The boy moved a step closer, calling out timorously, "Hi, there! Anything wrong?"

Then suddenly he knew the reason for their immobility. They were dead.

Though the man lay in an attitude of repose, hands behind his head, feet crossed on the sand, the top of his skull had been blown off. Smoldering flames had eaten through the woman's hoopskirt and underclothing, and her body was scorched and charred.

TWENTY feet away, a hat and vest hung from a willow tree. And near the river's edge lay a rusty double-barreled shotgun.

Coroner G. W. Allred and other officials identified the victims as Jacob A. Young, an Indianapolis business man, and his wife, Nancy.

Young had worked for the hardware firm of Dorsay & Layman, had been an agent in the Indianapolis area for several farm implement concerns, and was financially interested in a mill being built on the outskirts of Indianapolis.

Dr. Allred estimated that the couple had been dead about 16 hours. Young was killed with a shotgun. His wife died from a pistol wound. Both were shot from behind, and the impact of the shotgun blast was powerful enough to spin Young half around, so that he had fallen with crossed legs.

The investigators found no pistol, but they did find the footprints of a woman's gaiters in the sand near the bodies and at the foot of a tree where Young's coat lay.

It was deduced that Young was shot by some one concealed in a clump of alders about 20 feet away from him, and that Mrs. Young was shot at such close range that the flash set fire to the ruffles about her neck.

The gaiter tracks led from Young's coat toward a near-by road, where the person wearing the gaiters apparently had stepped into a buggy, for there were hoofprints and wheel tracks in the clayey ground.

The horse had worn "interfering shoes" on its front feet.

This rarely-used type of shoe was designed for horses that strike the inside of one or more legs with another while walking or running. The iron on the inner side of the shoe is trimmed so that the relatively soft hook, projecting beyond it, hits the leg.

The police started a manhunt for the owners of a pair of gaiters, a horse with the interfering shoes, and a rusty shotgun.

Two children gave information which indicated that they may have been the last to see Mr. and Mrs. Young alive. They were playing on the beach, they said, when they saw two women and a man walking upstream toward the spot where the bodies were found.

Mary Belle Young, a niece of the Youngs, said her aunt and uncle left home in their carriage shortly after dinner, and that during dinner she saw "a great roll of bills sticking out of Uncle Jake's pocket."

Jacob Young, the police soon learned, was in the habit of carrying such wads.

George Thudium, a clerk at the Indianapolis National Bank, told the authorities that, on the day before the double murder, Young had produced a roll at the bank as he exchanged two $500 bills for a $1,000 bill. This seemed to have been a sort of hobby with the man.

"Just the other day," said Thudium, "I heard he got two $1,000 notes at the Citizens Bank, then went down the street and deposited them at Harrison's Bank. An hour later he withdrew the same notes from Harrison's and took them back to the Citizens. A queer kind of business, if you ask me."

"What's your theory?" asked Special Investigator John Duncan.

"WELL, as you probably know," Thudium replied, "Young came to Indianapolis virtually penniless, and it's only lately that he has attained a position that permits him to deal in thousands of dollars at a stroke. I suspect he was connected with something shady, such as counterfeiting."

Young apparently had been carrying a sizable sum of money on the day of his death, and this money had disappeared. The fact that the wearer of the gaiters made a bee-line for Young's coat

Illustrated by SEYMOUR BALL

THE Tell-Tale Gaiters

indicated that this person knew *that* the bundle of currency was there.

Several acquaintances reported that *they* heard Young mention that he intended to "*move* to the country." This might mean nothing, but *it* was something to look into.

If he had been connected with some criminal band, he might have decided to end this *association* by removing himself from the region. *And*, the gang might have felt it prudent to rub him out.

But what about the woman with the gaiters? Was she a decoy? Had she made a date to meet Young at secluded Cold Spring, only to find that he had brought his wife along as a sort of chaperone?

"I feel sure," Investigator Duncan told newspapermen, "that this was a plot with some complicated ramifications. We are checking up on Young's financial transactions, and the people he did business with."

THIS checkup showed that Young was involved with three other persons in a deal that seemed to require the rapid and frequent shifting of large amounts of money. These persons were:

William J. Abrams, a money lender, who had been on intimate terms with the Youngs for several years; Dr. William N. Duzan, a prominent physician; and Mrs. Nancy E. Clem, wife of a grocer.

The bewildered investigators, studying four parallel accounts, found that Dr. Duzan would lend several thousand dollars from his account and that—on the same day—the identical amount would appear in the account of one of the other three.

This business of four persons continuously borrowing and repaying money seemed to make no sense, but John Duncan felt that it did.

In trying to solve this riddle, the investigators discovered that, at the time of his death, Jacob Young was not rich, but bankrupt. He owed the Indiana National Bank $12,000; the First National Bank of Indianapolis $15,000; Dorsay of the hardware firm $14,343; and a friend, Arthur Wright, $2,000. Total: $43,543.

"It looks to me," said Duncan, "as if the four account switchers, by their rapid loans and borrowing, were building up a reputation for good credit. I believe that Young accumulated more than $40,000 in this manner and intended to disappear with it."

Dr. Duzan, an old friend of the Clems, said he had lent money into the group only because he had trusted the others. There was evidence

that the other alleged conspirators planned to effect a final big loan from him, and then leave for parts unknown.

"Considering the funds involved," Duncan reported, "and the number of people who were at one time or another lending money to Young, Abrams and Mrs. Clem, the final series of big loans into the ring would have cleaned out a good part of the ready cash of the city of Indianapolis."

A checkup of Abrams revealed he had bought the shotgun found at the scene of the murders from a pawnbroker named Joseph Solomons.

"I remember this sale," said the pawnbroker, "because when I asked $10 for the gun, the customer paid without an argument, although that rusty old gun wasn't worth anywhere near $10."

The sale was made on the morning of the murders.

Nettie Stevens, who ran a junk shop in the lower end of town, said that Abrams had priced guns in her establishment the same day, and had turned down several bargains in rifles, saying that he wanted a shotgun

John M. Patterson, a salesman in the employ of Cady's shoe emporium, swore that he had sold *Mrs.* Clem a new pair of gaiters only a week *before* the crime.

Having assembled all this information, John Duncan *now* decided to bear down on Abrams and Mrs. *Clem*, a short, rather comely woman with thin *lips* and piercing eyes.

(A contemporary observer had this to say about her eyes: "They were large, gray and full of intelligence, *but* surrounded with a dark ring . . . turning upwards so as to reveal the white of the lower ball and conceal a part of the pupil, they gave her a dangerous look.")

Abrams said his *financial* transactions were his own business and *refused* to explain them.

"I know my rights and I intend to stand by them," he told police officers, newspapermen and acquaintances. "I do not have to explain any of my actions. If the authorities wish to charge me with an offense of some kind, let them go about it in a proper, legal manner."

Mrs. Clem took the same view, treating her questioners with what amounted to complete disdain.

Told that the shoe salesman had reported selling her a pair of gaiters within a few days of the murders, she retorted, "I challenge you to find them!"

That, however, proved impossible. (At the time of her arrest she was wearing a pair definitely in need of replacement.) She watched the systematic ransacking of her home with an air of detachment, as though she were an involuntary spectator at a poorly planned and executed play.

The search for the horse with the interfering shoes ended at the blacksmith shop of John G. Smith. There an employe, Thomas Mansfield, said that he had removed a pair of interfering shoes from a horse which had been rented on the day of the crime to one Silas K. Hartman—who was Nancy Clem's brother.

The shoes—which Mansfield said he had removed two days after the killings—fitted perfectly into plaster casts of the tracks found at the scene.

Hartman, an unemployed carpenter, took a sort of airy view of the whole business. "I knew Abrams, but only slightly," he said. "I met him here and there at saloons in town."

He denied knowing anything about the murders, but several witnesses asserted they had seen him headed toward the north end of town on the afternoon of the crime, driving the rented buggy.

Others said they had seen him and his sister dashing back into the city that evening. They said the horse seemed "dangerously lathered up."

"I charge Abrams, Mrs. Clem and Hartman with equal complicity in this crime," John Duncan announced. "Abrams bought the gun and, in my belief, gave it to Hartman. I believe that Mrs. Clem decoyed Young, or Young and his wife, to Cold Spring.

"I believe that Hartman lay in ambush in the alder bushes and shot Young when his back was turned, and I believe that Nancy Clem shot Mrs. Young."

The three suspects were indicted by a special grand jury on Oct. 10, 1868.

Separate trials having been granted, Mrs. Clem went on trial before Judge George H. Chapman and a jury on Dec. 1. The opening sessions proved tempestuous, although the point at issue had little to do with the guilt or innocence of Nancy Clem.

The defense moved that newspapers be prohibited from publishing reports of the proceedings on the ground that the reports might prevent the impartial selection of jurors from the last trials. Judge Chapman granted the motion only to discover, on the third day, that the whole country was reading verbatim testimony.

The judge fined the reporters $25 each, and summoned their editors into court on contempt charges. The editors brought lawyers with them, and from then on the press of the nation carried full reports from the courtroom in Indianapolis.

THE case went to the jury on Dec. 22 after the prosecution had called 130 witnesses and the defense 115. Result: A disagreement.

Mrs. Clem's second trial ended on March 1, 1869, and this time the jury agreed on a verdict which brought a sentence of life imprisonment.

Pending her appeal, Mrs. Clem remained in Marion county jail, where her fellow defendants occupied an adjoining cell.

On March 19, 1869, the newspapers reported that Hartman had made a confession, which one newspaper called an "obviously cooked-up affair with the intention of throwing the wickedest portion of the crime on guiltless persons and throwing the authorities off the scent."

Hartman's statement alleged that a certain Mrs. Frankie Clark, proprietress of a disorderly house in the levee section of town, had been the woman who had been seen with Mr. and Mrs. Young at Cold Spring. He said that his only part in the affair had been to meet Mrs. Clark and return her to town in the hired carriage.

The confession admitted that Abrams had bought the shotgun, but insisted that the slayer of Young had been one William Fiscus.

Hartman also named Dorsay, the hardware man, as a member of the murder conspiracy, but the authorities didn't even bother to question either Fiscus or Dorsay.

On the day the "confession" appeared in the newspapers, Abrams read the whole thing aloud, slowly and accusingly, to his cellmate, Hartman.

What else might have passed between the two men did not become known, but at about midnight Hartman draped a bedsheet across the cell to conceal himself from Abrams, and carried on a long conversation with Mrs. Clem.

They talked for more than an hour through a small hole dug in the wall—but only Mrs. Clem lived to know about.

Soon after daybreak, shouts from Abrams roused the whole jail, for he had discovered (he said) Hartman dead, with his throat cut. Five deep wounds, inflicted with an old razor which lay in Hartman's right hand, had severed the carotid arteries and jugular vein.

Abrams was found guilty of complicity—in the killing of Jacob and Nancy Young and was sentenced to prison for life.

Mrs. Clem won a new trial and a change of venue to Lebanon in adjoining Boone county. This trial ended in another jury deadlock.

At her fourth trial she was convicted, sentenced to life imprisonment, but won on appeal.

"How much longer are they going to keep this up?" the annoyed woman asked newspaper callers. "They can try me until I die, but they'll never get anywhere. I guess I must be too tough."

This did not seem to be an over-statement; she simply tired 'em out—at least financially.

She had already cost the state a pretty penny; it was now discovered—or decided—that no more funds were available for another trial.

Accordingly the authorities went through the motions of returning the case to Marion county, where it had originated, and soon Nancy Clem strode out of jail a free woman.

The net effect on Lifer Abrams was to advance the simple argument that, since Nancy had been released, he should be, too.

AS TIME passed, he won support in his fight, although nothing had developed to mitigate his case.

People resented the fact that the erstwhile loan shark had to stay behind those cruel, confining bars while Mrs. Clem, for want of a bit of money to prosecute her, moved about free as the Indiana air.

Finally public pressure became so insistent that Governor Williams pardoned him in 1878.

Thus the mystery of the smoking corpse, as the strange case was dubbed in the press, passed from the news, still pretty much a riddle.

Nobody could really say what the motive had been. Nobody knew what happened to that bundle of money Young had been carrying during his last hours.

In her later years, Mrs. Clem traveled about the countryside selling patent medicine.

She died, in bed and with gaiters off, in 1879.

Next week Peter Levins will write another story from the Album of Famous Mysteries.

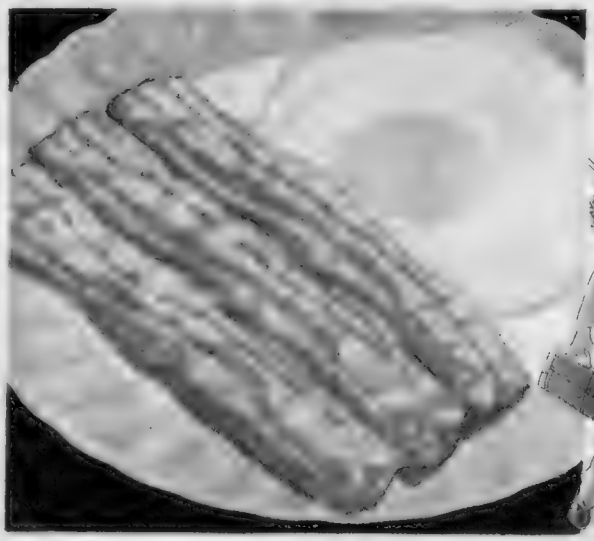
Now - bring on

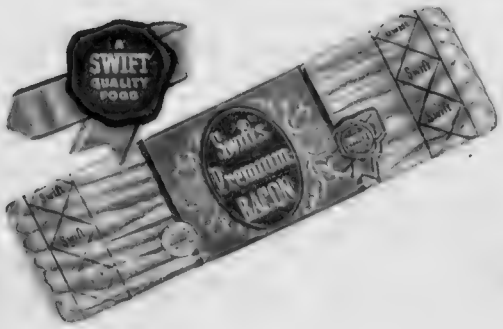
Brighter Breakfasts!

BRING ON BACON . . . America's *best-liked* bacon (Swift's Premium, of course). *That's* the way to make appetites sparkle! *That's* the way to make breakfasts brighter! But treat it like the treasure it is. Cook it carefully. Savor it down to the last rosy-gold morsel. For whether you serve a ration or a rasher, Swift's Premium's zesty flavor livens up breakfast as nothing else can do.

THEY'LL START OFF IN HIGH after breakfast with Swift's Premium Bacon. It's rich in the nourishment needed for productive days. And so supremely appealing is its *sweet smoke taste*, its quality so strictly dependable, that actual votes show America prefers Swift's Premium Bacon to the next *25* brands combined!

DO RIGHT BY that famous *sweet smoke taste*—cook Swift's Premium Bacon this way. Place in cold frying pan; do not overcrowd. Cook slowly; turn often to cook evenly. Drain on absorbent paper. For crisp bacon, pour off fat as it accumulates. And remember, Swift's Premium Bacon—so zesty, so nourishing—*fine for lunch or supper, too!*





Swift's Premium Bacon

with the sweet smoke taste!

Household Almanac — Amy Alden

New Year's Dinner

Crispy Stuffed Pork Shoulder Garnished With Onions Is a Flavorful Dish.

WHETHER you prefer the baked Virginia ham, roast duck or a roast of your own choosing, these recipes will lend variety and distinction to your New Year's Menu. All of them have the deliciously good eating qualities this festive occasion requires.

You will find the currant jelly sauce is just tart enough to give the sweet potato dish that not too sweet taste to make it extra good.

Should there be no room left for mince pie, which we made with a packaged mince meat to save both time and work, it would be nice to pass the nutbowl while serving coffee, now that Brazil nuts and walnuts are plentiful.

Baked Virginia Ham

Soak ham overnight or for several hours in cold water to cover. Drain; cook, covered, in simmering water to cover until tender, allowing about 25-30 min. per lb. Then the skin can be removed. Score fat surface. Cover scored fat surface of ham with 1 cup brown or granulated sugar, firmly packed, mixed with 2 tbsps. flour; then stick surface with whole cloves. Bake in moderately hot oven of 400° F. 15 min. or until golden brown.

Stuffed Fresh Pork Shoulder

- 4 cups bread crumbs
- 2 tsps. salt
- 4 tbsps. green pepper, minced
- 2 tbsps. onion, minced
- 1 cup whole grain corn, canned
- 4 tbsps. margarine or butter melted
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 8 lb. boned pork shoulder

Combine all ingredients but the pork, and use to stuff the pocket in the shoulder left from boning. Tie up firmly and roast at 350° F. for 40 minutes per lb. Roast uncovered; add no water. Serve garnished with small boiled onions.

Roast Duck and Stuffing

- 1 duck, 5 lbs.
- 2 cups celery diced
- 1 cup boiling water
- ¼ cup onion minced
- 1 cup orange, peeled, diced with juice
- 1 tbsp. grated orange peel
- ¼ cup butter or margarine
- 2 qts. day old bread crumbs
- 2 tsps. poultry seasoning
- 2 tsps. salt
- ½ tsp. pepper

Prepare duck. Simmer celery in boiling water, 20 mins. Drain. Cook onion in butter over low heat until tender, not brown. Mix crumbs and seasonings. Add celery, orange, butter onion and mix thoroughly with fork. Fill cavity of duck. Roast after trussing, and pricking through skin into fat layers over back around tail, into body and wings and legs. Roast in open pan without water, breast side up, for 40 min. to lb. in oven 325° F.

Savory Black-Eyed Peas

- 2 cups dried black-eyed peas
- 4 cups cold water
- 2 tsps. salt
- ½ tsp. pepper
- 2 oz. sliced fat salt pork
- 4 small white onions

Soak the peas overnight. In the morning, drain off the water; reserve; add to it enough more water to make 4 cups. Add to the black-eyed peas with the salt, pepper, salt pork, and onions. Cover; bring to a boil, and let simmer for about 1 hr. 10 min., adding more boiling water if necessary. Serves 4.

Sweet Potatoes With Currant Jelly Sauce

- 6 medium sweet potatoes
- ¾ cup currant jelly
- ¼ cup boiling water
- 2 tbsps. butter or fortified margarine
- 2 tsps. grated orange rind
- ⅛ tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. cinnamon
- ¼ tsp. nutmeg
- Dash allspice

Cook potatoes in jackets in 1" boiling salted water for 20 mins., or until tender; remove skins. Meanwhile, combine remaining ingredients in a skillet. Stir until jelly is melted and sauce is smooth. Put skinned cooked potatoes in jelly sauce and simmer, uncovered, for 10 mins., basting occasionally with jelly sauce. Pour sauce over potatoes before serving.

Frozen Ginger Ale Salad

- 1½ tsps. plain gelatin
- 2 tbsps. orange juice
- 1 tbsp. lemon juice
- 2 tbsps. sugar
- ½ cup ginger ale
- ¼ cup drained crushed pineapple
- ⅓ cup pears, diced
- ¼ cup halved strawberries
- ⅓ cup mayonnaise
- ½ cup cream, whipped
- water cress

Soak gelatin in orange juice 5 min. Add lemon juice. Place over boiling water till gelatin is dissolved. Add sugar and ginger ale, stir. Add fruits, and mix. Chill until thickened. Fold in mayonnaise and cream. Pour into freezing tray, setting control at coldest until firm. Serve on watercress. Serves 6.

Listy

- 2 eggs
- 1 tbsp. sugar
- 3 tbsps. sweet cream
- 1¾ cups pastry flour

Beat eggs until light and add sugar and cream; add flour to make dough which can be rolled very thin; cut in diamond shapes. Fry in deep fat (365° F.), drain on absorbent paper. Sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Mince Pie

Pastry for 9" pie. Fill with 3 cups packaged or bottled mincemeat, and add 1 tart apple cut up. Flavor to taste with white rum. Cover with top crust. Bake in hot oven of 425° F. 40 mins. or until brown.

Amy Alden may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

ALMANAC RECIPES

- ☐ (60) Gayelord Hauser Diet
- ☐ (61) Famous Recipes
- ☐ (62) New England Recipes
- ☐ (63) Candy Recipes
- ☐ (64) Quick Hot Breads
- ☐ (65) Pancakes and Roll-Ups
- ☐ (66) Oyster Recipes
- ☐ (67) Waffles Tonight
- ☐ (68) Eggs for Every Meal
- ☐ (69) Let's Eat Fish
- ☐ (70) Casserole Recipes
- ☐ (71) Quickly Prepared Meals
- ☐ (73) Favorite Mexican Recipes
- ☐ (74) Foreign Recipes
- ☐ (75) Almanac Bread & Rolls
- ☐ (76) Coffee Cakes; Doughnuts
- ☐ (77) Favorite Hebrew Recipes
- ☐ (78) Favorite Almanac Cakes
- ☐ (79) New Cakes
- ☐ (80) Desserts and Sweets
- ☐ (81) Favorite Pie Recipes
- ☐ (82) Pies and Pastries
- ☐ (83) Favorite Soup Recipes
- ☐ (84) Meat for Family Meals
- ☐ (85) Stick-to-the-Ribs Dishes
- ☐ (86) Delicious Vegetables
- ☐ (87) New Vegetable Recipes
- ☐ (88) Almanac Potato Recipes
- ☐ (89) Popular Salad Recipes
- ☐ (90) Salads and Dressings
- ☐ (91) Almanac Cookies
- ☐ (92) New Cookies
- ☐ (98) Children's Party Recipes
- ☐ (99) Delicious Chicken Recipes
- ☐ (100) Buffet Party Dishes
- ☐ (101) Lunchbox Fillers
- ☐ (102) Favorite Puddings, Sauces

Million-Dollar Baby

BARBARA HUTTON'S grandfather, the late F. W. Woolworth of 5-and-10-cent store fame, frowned on titled fortune hunters and on American girls who married them. Yet three of his granddaughter's marriages have been to titled foreigners, and of her three exmates only movie-rich Cary Grant failed to cash in for being her husband.

It's a far cry from Grandpa Woolworth, who made his fortune in his shirtsleeves, to royalty-conscious Barbara, often described as "more European than American."

For the story of how some of Grandpa Woolworth's five-and-dime fortune now jingles in the pockets of Prince Igor Troubetzkoy, Barbara's fourth and current husband don't miss "Million Dollar Baby," beginning next week.

SURPRISING as it may seem, there have been several American citizens who graced royal thrones. Some of them won their kingdoms by fighting, others by romance, by shipwreck and by their wits.

If the idea of an American on a royal throne seems odd to you, you'll get a new slant on American history in next week's colorful article, "American Kings."

Every Husband Loves Surprises!

TREAT YOURS TO THIS OLD FAVORITE —

Hot, Crisp, Southern

CORN BREAD

Ever hear of a man (or *anyone* for that matter!) who didn't love crusty, hot corn bread! How about starting the New Year right by mixing up a BIG batch — and doing it *often*. You'll be delightfully surprised to discover how thrifty it is to transform even the simplest meal this way! Don't worry about left-overs (if there are any). Next day just re-heat — or *toast* — and then ask yourself if you've ever tasted *any* bread so good!

Easiest, Fastest Hot Bread to Make!

Famous Recipe Right on Package of Quaker Corn Meal

So simple to prepare—such a wonderful change from other breads! Be sure to try the famous Quaker recipe on the package. It brings out the true, hearty flavor of real corn bread.

Always Insist on "SPOIL-PROOF"

QUAKER CORN MEAL

To get the *best* corn bread, use the *best* corn meal. The choice corn selected for Quaker Corn Meal is washed in sparkling water to remove impurities. Quaker Corn Meal is actually "spoil-proof"—packed in stay-fresh packages for *extra* protection. Insist on the best!

EVERY KERNEL WATER-WASHED FOR PURITY!

Quaker

Enriched, Degerminated

CORN MEAL

(YELLOW OR WHITE)

is for all Americans—who must not ignore the crisis in our rural schools, for 50 per cent (over 15 millions) of America's children live in areas and communities served by these schools. Think how shameful it is that half our children may get an inadequate start in their education because of conditions in these schools.

is for the children who suffer from present rural school conditions. Thousands of these children struggle to acquire learning with outmoded or inadequate equipment—with shortages of pencils, paper, blackboards, chalk and textbooks. Thousands of them have no school to go to—because within the last few years many rural schools have been forced to close.

is for danger—the danger our country is in because of this alarming situation. For America's progress, prosperity, and place of world leadership are directly dependent up maintaining high standards of education.

is for the power of public opinion which can help solve this dangerous situation. School conditions will be improved if the people—if you—demand it.

The Epicure

CHARCOAL BROILED VENISON

By WILLIAM (BILL) BOYD

I LOOK forward to going on location to shoot a "Hopalong Cassidy" story, for it always means a picnic of broiled venison steak with all the trimmings. Eleven years or so ago, when we finished our first Hopalong film, Chuck, the camp cook, celebrated the last day of shooting with a venison dinner that would put your most elite restaurateurs to shame. Then and there it became my favorite dish.

I lost no time in bribing Chuck into giving me his recipe, which he had picked up from a French family he knew. And, as you no doubt know, wheedling a rare recipe out of an excellent cook is about as easy as galloping without reins.

Broiled venison is an ideal dish for backyard barbecues and beach parties, because it can be marinated the day before and be all ready for the charcoal fire whenever you want to start things going.

Here's how to marinate the steaks to make them tender enough to cut with a fork:

Cover the bottom of a large pan with a bed of aromatics, including minced carrots and onions, a few chopped shallots, parsley stalks, thyme and bay leaves.

Salt and pepper the steaks and lay on the bed of aromatics. Now sprinkle the meat generously with oil and about half as much vinegar. Cover the dish with wax paper and put in a cool place.

This marinade is very active and the steaks should be sufficiently-marinated in about three hours. Turn the steaks over about three or four times during this period, covering them each time with the vegetables. Then remove them from the pan and keep chilled until ready to cook.

A steak one inch thick broiled rare takes 12 min. Medium done, 16 min. Turn steak once at end of half the cooking time.

With the charcoal broiled steaks we usually serve red cabbage, baked potatoes and mixed green salad.

Western Movie Star Bill Boyd Refuses to Let Anyone Double for Him in Hazardous Scenes. His Hobbies Are Riding, Hunting and Fishing.

Easy Patterns

3894—Little girls' middy two-piecer with tie and dickey. Make matching and contrast middies, to button on skirt. Sizes 2-10. Size 6, blouse, 1 yd. 39-in.; skirt, 1⅛ yds.; tie, ⅜ yd.

3895—The swallowtail peplum rounds your hips, gives back interest. Skirt is slim. Sizes 14-20; 32-42. Size 16, 4⅝ yards 39-inch.

3161—Flattering blouse with gay embroidery. Do the sunburst in outline, single-stitch or eyelet, in varied or self colors. Transfer; blouse in sizes 12-20; 40. Directions.

Price of each pattern 20 CENTS (in coins). Print plainly SIZES, STYLE NUMBERS, NAME, ADDRESS. Send orders to THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, Pattern Department, Box 206, Station F, Brooklyn 26, New York.

Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.

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NOT 1 BUT 4

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Are you miserable with coughs from colds or smoking? Suffer with stuffy nose? Here's relief—*fast* . . . cough drops that work *up* and *down*. Famous Smith Brothers medication goes *down* to ease tickle, soothe irritated membranes. Menthol vapors go *up* to bring cool comfort to stuffy nose. Smith Brothers are richer in menthol—*plus exclusive Smith Brothers medication*. Look for "Trade" and "Mark" on orange box. Buy them today. STILL ONLY 5¢

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Did You Know That Readers Ordered Over One Million Patterns Which Appeared in The American Weekly During 1947?

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Get a bottle—try it—compare

GRAVY MASTER makes gravy as you like it

EVERY BOTTLE SHOWS HOW

WHAT TO DO?

How many hundreds of times have you looked at that attic room or the basement, or even the guest room or children's room and wondered what to do about it? Maybe the answer was draperies, wallpaper or paint. It may even have been a simple re-arrangement of furniture.

WHEN TO DO?

Did you ever wonder when any one of hundreds of garden plants and flowers should be set out? When will certain crops be ready for home canning? When should this be done or that be done around the house? Of course, you've asked these silent questions.

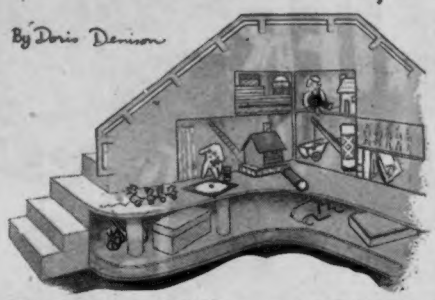
HOW TO DO?

Did you ever wish you could fix just any one of the hundreds of things that go wrong around a house? Did you ever feel you ought to know how to give "first-aid" treatment to a broken chair, a cracked wall, stained upholstery or a withering plant? Of course, you have.

The articles on the Household Pages of The American Weekly have the answers to these questions every week.

Make Room For Toys

By Doris Denison



THE tumult and shouting of Christmas may have died away, but electric trains and tricycles are still with us. Give Junior a break. He needs space for his things just as you do for yours.

Is his indoor play space limited to a small table or a drafty floor? Is there plenty of storage space for his toys? Can he reach them all himself, or are some inaccessible? Is there an opportunity for him to climb? Is there fussy ornamentation or sharp, dangerous corners? Can your child store his toys where he can see them, or must he tuck them away out of sight?

Architect, Joseph Aronson, has designed a model playroom which provides practical ways for the average family to overcome a number of common playroom faults such as the ones just mentioned.

Corner Play Unit

THE model playroom consists of several play and storage units which can be built at home. The most unusual unit is a corner construction made up of two stairways leading to a small platform. There are assorted shelves and cupboards in the unit for all sizes of toys. One of the stairways can be made into a slide, if desired.

Another unit consists of a desk, storage pedestal, and train table. The desk is built at right angles to the wall and is supported by a hollow pedestal, which can be used as a tricycle garage. The top of the desk serves as a base for a folding train table.

Plans Available

ILLUSTRATIONS of these two units as well as construction diagrams and suggested floor plans for the average size playroom or playroom - bedroom are available. Check chart 32 in the box below, follow mailing instruction, and "Playroom plans for youngsters" will be sent to you.

Doris Denison may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 282, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

HOUSEHOLD

- ☐ (21) Electric Equipment Care
- ☐ (22) Easy Laundering
- ☐ (23) Sewing for the Nursery
- ☐ (24) How to Braid a Rag Rug
- ☐ (25) It's Fun to Redecorate
- ☒ (26) Streamline Closets
- ☐ (27) Make Your Own Rugs
- ☐ (28) Dressing Table Covers
- ☐ (29) Dining Room Leaflets
- ☐ (30) Sew Right
- ☐ (31) How to Make Lampshades
- ☐ (32) Playroom Plans

Teen-Age Tempest

By URSULA TROW

WAS **Frederick E. Stiles** of Fort Ann., N. Y., right when he said that many parents are old-fashioned and do not realize that their children are growing up in an age quite different from their own?

Marion Wire of Clearwater, Calif., says Fred is right. "My parents," she writes, "are continually reminding me that when they were my age they were lucky if they got a nickel a week. My allowance is supposed to be 50 cents a week. I am 15 and in junior college. Don't you think I should be entitled to a little more?"

Marshall Lenard, 18, of San Antonio, Tex., agrees with Fred that parents nag too much, but thinks a teen-age boy should earn his own spending money so he does not get the idea that money grows on trees.

Chaplain's assistant **Corp. Edward A. Zelinski, Jr.**, of San Marcos, Tex., does not consider parents old-fashioned. His own parents were strict with him, he says, but after 18 months in the Air Corps he appreciates their guidance and good judgment when he was younger.

Sixteen-year-old **Lewis Walker** of Seattle, Wash., says it's your own fault if your parents are old-fashioned. "Why don't you let them in on your activities, bring your friends home, introduce them to your folks, and act like you're part of the family?"

Louise Phillips of San Francisco says Fred is all wrong. "Parents would like to give their children the things they themselves couldn't have, but children today are unreasonable. They demand too much—and get it—for the asking," Louise points out, "and something ought to be done to take them off their high horse." Her suggestion: Parents should form a club and draw up a set of rules for their teen-age sons and daughters to live by.

If the fathers and mothers in your community started such a club, do you think they would be lenient about dates, use of the family car, and allowances? Write your letters to the Teen-Age Editor, The American Weekly, 63 Vesey St., New York 7, New York.

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In addition, you will enjoy life in a dormitory, and all the fun that goes with it, recreation, time off every week, occasional week ends and, of course, a vacation.

Careers: After thorough training under physicians and nurses, there are innumerable fields open to you. You may become a staff or private duty nurse in one of our fine hospitals. You may work in industry, psychiatry, child or public health, Veterans' Administration, U. S. Public Health Service, Army or Navy.

You can stay in your own home town or you can easily find work that will take you to any part of this country or to any corner of the earth. That's another of the many advantages you may enjoy as a graduate nurse.

Marriage: Most nurses do marry. When you do, you will find that your nursing education was an ideal preperation for family life and for leadership in the community where you live.

You: The knowledge of human psychology, the confidence you gain from your rich experience working with fine professional men and women will help you in every type of work you undertake.

THERE ARE MANY OPPORTUNITIES OPEN TO YOU—IF YOU QUALIFY

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NURSING is a proud profession! Famous as a service to humanity, growing fast in opportunity.

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No other man or woman in fact or fiction ever went through such terrifying, heroic, beautiful experiences as this slave girl—and her owner! Here is a magnificent, thrilling, sweeping story of unconquered love, brutal torture, dastardly treachery, sublime bravery—of everything that could possibly make up the most exciting, fascinating, action-packed novel you ever read!

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NEIL H. SWANSON
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Unconquered
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$5,000,000
Motion Picture
No wonder Cecil B. DeMille selected "Unconquered" as his greatest production! Over 4,000 people are in this grand picture—which cost over $5,000,000 to make! But you should not miss reading the book—whether you see the picture before or after you read it!

SHE was a slave girl—a blue-eyed, flame-tressed, defiant young vixen—condemned to be the *property* of the highest bidder! She was so beautiful that big Chris Holden outbid everyone else for her—and didn't even get her home! Captured and taken deep into the forest by savage Senecas, she was sentenced to die because of her virgin beauty. But Chris found her at last—tied to a stake, naked, beaten, tortured, ready to be burned! Through a fantastic "white man's" trick, he was able to snatch his slave from the redskin's fire and escape with her into the wilderness! Then, quite naturally, he fell desperately in love with her . . . but he couldn't have known that the destiny of the whole New World might depend on the tremendous events which followed!

If you like high adventure, breathless excitement, thrilling drama and magnificent action—here is a book you *must not miss!* Destined to be the biggest and most sensational best-seller of the last ten years—and perhaps the *next* ten!—"Unconquered" has already been made into one of the finest motion pictures of all time! Every American must *experience* this book; it should be on every shelf to be read and *reread* for its story of young America, brave on the threshhold of greatness—and of the men and women who carved a nation out of the jungle! Publisher's regular retail price of this sensational smash hit is $3.00, but you may have *your* copy absolutely FREE if you join the Literary Guild Book Club *now*, as explained below.

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Please enroll me as a Literary Guild Book Club subscriber and send me at once "Unconquered" as a gift. Also send me as my first selection for $2.00 the book I have checked below:

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With these books will come my first issue of the Brochure "Wings," telling about the forthcoming Literary Guild selection which will be offered for $2.00 (plus shipping charges) to members only, regardless of the higher retail price of the publisher's edition. I am to have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish to purchase any Guild selection. The purchase of Guild selections is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month—only four during the year—to fulfill my membership requirement. I am to receive a bonus book for every four selections I buy.

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